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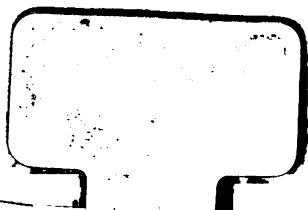
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M. A. Muscott.



WARWICK CASTLE.

**C. Baldwin, Printer,
New Bridge-street, London.**

WARWICK CASTLE,

An Historical Novel,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By MISS PRICKETT.

DEDICATED

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESS OF CLONMELL.

Containing, amongst other desultory Information, the Descent and Achievements of the Ancient Earls of Warwick, from the earliest Period of their Creation to the present Time. With some Account of Warwick, Birmingham, Lemmington, Kenilworth, Stratford-upon-Avon, &c. &c.; interspersed with Pieces of Local Poetry, Incidental Biography, and Authentic Anecdotes of English History.

" I bring no ensigns of surprise:
Locks stiff with gore, and saucer eyes.
No spirits summon'd from the tomb
Glide glaring ghastly through the gloom,
In all the usual pomp of storms,
And horrid customary forms:
But with Decorum's needful grace,
Keep to the laws of time and place."

CHURCHILL.

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WARWICK CASTLE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

“Midst sylvan glades, in warbles dear,
Wild nature’s sweetest notes I hear;
On green untrodden banks I view
The hyacinth’s neglected hue;
Midst lonely haunts, and woodland rounds,
I mark the squirrel’s airy bounds,
Or startle from the ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay.
Each native charm my steps explore
Of solitude’s sequestered store.”

AMONGST other rural amusements incidental to our present situation, I have been for some days vastly busy under the instruction of our hostess, in superintending the nursery of a beautiful spotted turkey-hen, a sort of petted favourite,

which has been nestling, since our arrival, in a cavity romantically formed of roots and moss, in one of the wood-walks by the river side; and as my protégée leads her speckled brood in quest of farther favours to my ~~breakfast table~~, their self-satisfied progenitor struts in patriarchal dignity before my drawing-room window, and, expanding his broad plumage to the rays of a brilliant sun, breathes an arrogant defiance to the woods which wave around him!

In the deep solitude of our abode, the haughty airs of this consequential bird furnish me with an endless fund of amusement, and I seldom fail to reward him liberally for the courage with which he sometimes attacks Lord Montague in his perambulations about the lodge, by offerings of corn, extorted with some difficulty from the grumbling benevolence of his less indulgent mistress.—My ancient friend with whom I occasionally hold “high converse,” and who I soon

found to be strongly tingured with the marvellous, amused me a few mornings since with the relation of a ghost, which, according to her belief, has for years, at certain intervals, haunted the interior of Warwick Castle!—I have previously professed to hold no intelligence with phantoms, but what is a castle worth in modern times without a ghost? and this is of such a domestic disposition, and a lady of such consequence too withal, that I am sure you will readily forgive my introduction of her.

This wandering spirit, of whom it appears the inferior domestics entertain an invincible dread, is, as my hostess gravely informed me, the apparition of a woman supposed to have been murdered, and buried in a stone coffin near the steps of the grand entrance; the stone coffin, which is preserved at the porter's lodge, having been dug up there a few years since by some workmen employed to repair the coach-road round the inner

court of the castle. She never "walked," I am informed, before this affair; but, agreeably to etiquette, has appeared at stated intervals ever since her bones were so sacrilegiously disturbed, and now nightly perambulates the castle, gorgeously mounted upon high quartered shoes, with an immense pair of diamond buckles in them, and bearing a torch most terrifically flaming in her right hand!

I could scarcely command my countenance whilst I listened to her account of the formidable tour of inspection which this poor ghost is nightly fated to perform in her nocturnal visitations, and which, it seems, invariably commence and terminate at a secret door in one of the passages adjacent to the castle brewery, where she is frequently seen peeping amongst the misty furnaces of boiling ale-wort, to the unspeakable annoyance of her terrified beholders!

My venerable friend would, I believe,

consider me little better than an infidel were I to refuse my implicit credence to the marvellous relations with which she occasionally entertains me, all of them, as she repeatedly assures me, being "sartainly true."—Montague laughed heartily at my repetition of this tale of terror; and last evening, when she as usual brought my stated allowance for the suppers of my feathered favourites, mischievously contrived to draw her into one of her miraculous goblin stories, to which he listened with the most respectful gravity, whilst Captain Arden, who was our guest, almost convulsed with laughter, provoked her even to anger by his unbelieving risibility.

This young man forms an agreeable interruption to our domestic *tête-à-tête*; and on Montague's account I rejoice at our accidental rencontre. For myself I have little desire for other society, for—

"With him conversing I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change;"

but Montague, accustomed to life in its most attractive form, must, I am convinced, sometimes feel, though he is far too gallant to acknowledge it, the occasional insipidity of female conversation, when wholly confined to it undiversified by variety of association or occasional participation in those "feasts of reason" which are only to be enjoyed in a moderate intercourse with the world.

On this account, therefore, Captain Arden's introduction has been peculiarly gratifying; for he forms a pleasant companion in our excursions about the neighbourhood, though the increased illness of his mother sometimes prevents him from joining our little party. Miss Arden, his sister, is a fine girl, extremely pretty, but somewhat hasty in her decisions, and with a sort of warmth in her temper, that has already led her, as I gather from her brother, into an error of proceeding which I fear will embitter much of the happiness of her future life,

and has certainly been the cause of her mother's indisposition. As we have grown more intimate, Captain Arden has spoken unreservedly of his family affairs; and alluding to the painful situation of his sister, in the expected event of his mother's death, he spoke of it as the result of her own thoughtless folly. The father of Captain Arden held a lucrative situation upon the establishment of the East India Company at Calcutta, in which he accumulated a handsome fortune, and of which our friend and his sister will shortly be the sole inheritors, it being deemed impossible for Mrs. Arden to survive many weeks longer. Arden himself came to England at an early age for education, and disliking the East Indies entered into the British army, and, though now not more than three and twenty, has I believe seen his share of military service. His family remained in India, till his father's death happening about eighteen months since,

the marriage of Miss Arden with a Mr. Delme, a gentleman engaged in the same department as her father, and which was on the eve of celebration, was unavoidably postponed by this event.

In the seclusion to which the death of her father naturally confined her, Miss Arden, with a mind, as I guess, by no means highly cultivated, and possessing little inclination for enjoyment of mental pleasures, soon found her situation peculiarly irksome; and wearied out with *ennui* began to envy her lover the trivial gratifications of public amusement, which custom and a proper respect to the memory of her father for the present prevented her from sharing, and to disgust him by childish repinings at the restraint which decency had imposed on her. Mr. Delme, amongst other connexions incidental to his situation, was intimately received in the family of the Governor-General, whose

only daughter having recently returned from England, where she had been educating for some years; with a suitable cargo of accomplishments, a series of brilliant fetes had been given upon her arrival, over which Miss Harrington had presided—the fairy goddess of the scene.

Nothing was talked of, or even thought of, but Miss Harrington; Mr. Delme, as well as others, sang the praises of this accomplished belle, and unconsciously excited the keenest heart-burnings of jealousy in the bosom of his intended bride. Amongst other fancies which she imbibed from erroneous reports, Miss Arden had taken it into her head that her lover was deeply captivated by the charms of the reigning idol, and it is possible that Miss Harrington, in the gaiety of her humour, might have thoughtlessly engaged him in some trivial flirtation. Be this as it may, Miss Arden gave it her belief, and stung to the heart by his fancied infidelity, she

bitterly reproached him for the perfidy of his conduct, and vented her feelings in a torrent of invective, indiscriminately bestowed upon Miss Harrington and her imaginary devotée lover. Disgusted by her conduct, and conscious that there was in reality no ground for the accusation, Delme met the charge with equal spirit, and vainly attempting to convince her of her error, they at length parted in mutual resentment. Strongly attached, however, and indulgent to a weakness which he was convinced originated only in the sincerity of her regard, he could not rest till he had finally dissipated the doubts which had interrupted their former amity. A reconciliation of course succeeded, and peace being restored, never was mistress so adored as Miss Arden, never lover so deserving as Mr. Delme!—But, alas! the tedious period of the mourning was still unexpired; and during this interval Miss Arden unhappily experienced a renewal

of her alarms, and, in spite of all his protestations, continued to harass her lover with the repetition of her former fears. Delme not considering it absolutely necessary to sacrifice his comfort to mere whims, listened with indifference to her ill-founded assertions of his inconstancy, and provoked past bearing by these tiresome chimeras, he one evening left her in a paroxysm of rage, and joining a party from the Governor's upon an excursion to the interior, left Calcutta without vouchsafing a farewell. At this identical crisis a ship homeward bound was about to sail from Calcutta, and Miss Arden indignant at the independence of this step, and the imaginary defection of her haughty lover, could not endure the idea of witnessing the fancied triumph of Miss Harrington, and left no arguments untried to prevail upon her mother to embark instantly for England, and leave him without farther ceremony to the prosecution of his new attach-

ment. Mrs. Arden, not perhaps exactly aware of all the motives which had provoked his present conduct, and listening only to the solicitation of her weeping daughter, who almost upon her knees besought her to spare her the mortification of beholding him married to her rival, gave a reluctant consent; and their preparations being made with the utmost secrecy, they embarked on board the vessel then ready to sail, and had been nearly three weeks upon their voyage to England before Mr. Delme, returning at his leisure to Calcutta, received the slightest intimation of their design. Thunderstruck at this unexpected news, Delme could scarcely give credit to their departure; but having finally ascertained the fact, and satisfied himself that Miss Arden had actually sailed for England, he severely reproached himself for his share in their mutual folly. It was now so late in the season that the last homeward bound vessel had

already sailed; and certain that if Miss Arden's resentment was sufficiently strong to induce her to sacrifice him so unhesitatingly, there was but little chance of effecting a favourable change in her sentiments could he even have followed her to England, he wisely endeavoured to reconcile himself to her loss, and, notwithstanding the general laugh which her elopement excited against him, wear his willowed honours with resignation to his fate!—Miss Arden meanwhile proceeded gaily on her voyage, sometimes wondering what her lover thought of her departure, and burning with curiosity to know what was said of it in the brilliant circles of Calcutta; but this gratification of her curiosity she was not destined to receive; and during the first few days of her voyage her imagination was too much occupied by the novelty of her situation to feel much regret for the loss of her absent lover. Though born in

England, she had quitted it whilst an infant, and having never since left Calcutta, every object was new and interesting. For a time the festive dinner party, with the social gaiety of the Captain's cabin, the evening dance upon deck, and the civilities of a numerous assemblage of passengers, principally composed of military officers, with wives married in the East ; some of them returning in ostentatious splendour to display their conquests in their native country, added to a few fair adventurers sent back disappointed from the marriage marts in India, to lament the failure of such speculations in original obscurity, precluded for a time any serious consideration from assailing her ; but when the coast of India had finally receded from her sight, and she found herself at open sea without a single object but the world of waters in her view, a sentiment little short of terror took possession of her mind, and as she fearfully contem-

plated the wild waves of the " multitudinous ocean " around her, the remembrance of abandoned happiness stole unconsciously into her bosom ! The change of climate too began to affect Mrs. Arden's health : always of a delicate constitution she had been more than usually indisposed since the commencement of their voyage ; and Miss Arden, secretly accusing herself as the cause, anticipated with alarm the probable consequences of her precipitate flight, and the undoubted disapprobation of her brother, whom she had not now seen for several years.— When they arrived at St. Helena, within six weeks sail of England, she would have given worlds, had she possessed them, to have returned to India ; but not daring to breathe her wishes to her mother, or expose herself to the ridicule of her *compagnons de voyage*, she brooded in silence over the fears which now dismayed her, till, the usual time of the vessel's stay having expired, they re-em-

barked for England, and in due time arrived in the Downs.

From Deal, where they landed, they proceeded to London, with as much expedition as Mrs. Arden's weak health would permit. In London they found Captain Arden, who had been apprized of their intention by letters from St. Helena, anxiously waiting their arrival.

The motives of the voyage could not long be concealed: Mrs. Arden felt convinced that she had returned to England only to die, and aware from the visible uneasiness of her daughter, that she was already sufficiently punished for her indiscretion by her own painful reflections; she forbore to excite her son's farther displeasure by unavailing reproach; though in the course of a few weeks he gathered enough to know, that his sister's folly had been the sole occasion of the rupture with Mr. Delme.—Much distressed at the alteration in his mother's health, Captain Arden, as soon as

the spring commenced, hurried them from one watering place to another, in the anxious hope of benefit from the change; but his hopes and his efforts have been alike without effect: her disorder has rapidly increased, and, convinced that her cure is beyond the reach of human aid, Mrs. Arden has calmly resigned herself to the certainty of her approaching fate, and passes the interval which yet remains to her, in endeavouring to reconcile her daughter's mind to their approaching separation.

The dragoon regiment, to which our friend belongs, has been for some time resident upon a military station in the neighbourhood, and this circumstance originally brought them to Lemmington, where Captain Arden procured a suitable house for the accommodation of his mother, and exchanging his own quarters with an officer at Warwick, he fixed her at Lemmington a few weeks prior to our arrival.

Notwithstanding the extreme folly of which Miss Arden has been guilty, I cannot help feeling sorry for the severity of her punishment; for she reproaches herself as the sole cause of her mother's indisposition. Mrs. Arden suffers little bodily pain; she is gradually sinking under a nervous habit increased by her long residence in India, and appears perfectly resigned to her approaching departure. I have twice seen her at her own request when I have called upon Miss Arden, who can scarcely be prevailed upon to leave her even for an hour, although her mother is extremely desirous that she should experience some relaxation from the fatigue of her constant attendance on her. In consequence of this desire, I have persuaded her to accompany us to-morrow to St. Mary's Church, to the inspection of which, and the celebrated Beauchamp Chapel adjoining, we propose to devote the morning. My young friend, as yet,

Has seen little of this charming neighbourhood, so that, if her mother's health will allow it, I promise myself some pleasure by occasionally annexing her to our little party, in the excursions which we project about the environs.

CHAPTER XXIV.

" Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
Ye towers that wear the massy vest of time.
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise!
Ye cloisters, hail! that length'ning to the sight,
To contemplation, step by step, invite!"

THE collegiate church of St. Mary at Warwick is a foundation of great antiquity, the period of its erection being too remote to be exactly ascertained. It appears that it was repaired by Roger de Newburgh, the second Norman Earl of Warwick, in the reign of King Stephen, and was rebuilt by Thomas Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, in 1394, (the same year in which he built Guy's tower at the castle,) and completed by his executors at an immense expense. It was, with most part of the town, destroyed by a dreadful fire, Sept. 5, 1694. The loss sustained by this destructive ac-

cident was estimated at the sum of ninety thousand, six hundred pounds. Eleven thousand pounds were collected by a brief towards rebuilding it, to which Queen Anne munificently added one thousand more, with which sum the church and tower were rebuilt, little, if any thing remaining for the sufferers by the conflagration, most of whom were lodged in tents erected in the fields, their homes and property being entirely destroyed. The building of the tower cost sixteen hundred pounds; the height of it from the base to the battlements is one hundred and seventeen feet, and twenty five more to the top of the pinnacles. Near the battlements are the arms of the Earl of Warwick, the founder, curiously carved in stone work, and immediately over the arched entrance porch is the following inscription:

“ Templum B: Mariæ collegiatum,
primitus a Rog: de Novo Burgo Com:
War: Temp: Steph: R: instauratum,

postea a Tho: de Bello campo C:
 War: ex toto re-edificatum Anno
 1394. Conflagratione stupenda, non
 Aris, non Focis parcente, dirutum 5^o
 Sept. 1694. Novum hoc, Pietate Pub-
 lica inchoatum et provectum, Regia ab-
 solutum est sub lætis Annæ auspicis,
 Anno memorabili 1704."

In August 1698, the Bishop of Wor-
 cester granted a faculty to the minister
 and inhabitants of the Borough of War-
 wick, to appoint a solemn fast to beholden
 annually Sept. 5, in sorrowful remem-
 brance of this dismal fire, which had so
 unhappily laid the town in ruins, but the
 observance of which is now discontinued.

At the west end of the church, over
 the principal entrance, is an excellent
 organ under the direction of Mr. Mar-
 shall. At the *east* end of the church,
 and placed against the wall to the right
 of the pulpit, near the steps which de-
 scend into the Beauchamp Chapel, are
 the effigies of Thomas Beauchamp the

noble founder, and his Countess, Margaret, daughter of William Lord Ferrers of Grooby. These effigies are cast in fine brass, richly gilt, and formerly lay upon their monument; composed of an altar tomb of marble, which originally stood in the south aisle near the entrance of the chapel; but the stone work being destroyed in the fire, the brasses were afterwards found amongst the rubbish, by the workmen employed in clearing the ruins, and, being carefully preserved, were, at the completion of the church, erected against the wall with a Latin inscription under it, of which the following is a translation:

“ Sacred

“ To the best and greatest God,

“ And to

“ Eternal memory.

“ Having had this temple in vain for his mausoleum, and its altars for his refuge, but awakened from that sleep in which he had lain buried more than three

hundred years, and which he thought would not be disturbed but by the general conflagration, lo! there now ariseth and standeth before you, that famous man equally renowned for his piety and valour, one while the love, another while the envy of kings, always beloved by the kingdom, sometimes the sport of fortune, at length her conqueror, equal to her smiles, greater than her frowns; almost the last of a name always terrible to France,

Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick;
Governor of the isles of Guernsey, Sarke, and Alderney; Knight of the Order of the Garter; of some esteem with the fortunate invincible Prince Edward III. on account of his famous exploits performed in England and France; promoted by a convention of the orders of the realm to be Governor to Richard II. during his minority; condemned for high treason when the same King was made master of himself, or rather of his sub-

jects, banished to the Isle of Man, recalled from banishment by Henry IV. to his estate and honours, who, when he had lived long enough for his country, himself, and his reputation, was, together with his wife Margaret, buried in this place in the year of our Lord 1401.

That the sepulchral monument of the founder might not wholly perish in the ashes of this collegiate church, which he himself had built, these images, snatched from the sacrilegious flames, were erected by the care of one of the commissioners, appointed by act of parliament for the rebuilding the town, and this sacred church; and who offers this eulogium, such as it is, as a kind of funeral obsequy to the memory of so great a name, a name more durable than brass or marble. Anno Dom. 1706."

In the middle of the choir stands a massy tomb of composition of plaster, with a marble cornice, erected as a mo-

nument to Thomas Beauchamp, (father of the last mentioned Earl,) who founded the choir as it now stands, which fortunately escaped the ravages of the fire.

This Earl married Lady Katherine Mortimer, daughter of Roger Mortimer, first Earl of March, and died Nov. 13, 1370. His Countess Katherine died Aug. 4, in the same year. The ceiling of the choir is elegantly carved and enriched with the founder's arms, quartered with those of Mortimer. The altar it appears is of more modern execution, and the range of stalls on each side of it were formerly appropriated to the use of the Chapter, on solemn festivals. In this place are also monuments of other persons, not connected with the Warwick family. On the right of the choir is the magnificent Beauchamp chapel, founded by Richard Beauchamp, son of Earl Thomas and his Countess Margaret, by whom the Deanery situated in the church yard, and formerly the residence of the Dean and Chapter, but since endowed

as a free school by Henry VIII. and now denominated the College, or King's School, was also built.

The Beauchamp chapel, or, as it is commonly called, "our Lady's Chapel," being dedicated to the honour of the Virgin Mary, was erected as a mausoleum for the ashes of this noble family. The fabric of it was begun in 1443, the twenty first year of King Henry VI. by the executors of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and Regent of France, according to the directions of his last will and testament. The illustrious founder dying at his castle of Rouen in Normandy, where he resided in quality of Regent during the minority of Henry VI. April 30, 1439, his body was brought over to England, and conveyed to Warwick in suitable state. It was interred in St. Mary's church, without the west door of the chapel, until the vault, made under the directions of his will, should be ready for its reception.

Upon the subsequent completion of the chapel, the body was removed, and deposited in a stone coffin in a vault hewn out of the solid rock, upon which the chapel is built, over which was erected an altar tomb of grey marble, set round with figures of copper gilt, with their arms enamelled on shields below, representing the numerous family connexions of this noble Earl. Upon this monument the figure of Earl Richard, or, as he is commonly called, "Bold Beauchamp," is represented in full stature and armour, made of fine brass richly gilt, and secured by a hearse of the same materials, formerly used to support a velvet drapery over the tomb. The figures, or weepers, arranged round it, of which his son, Henry Duke of Warwick, and his wife Lady Cecily Neville, sister of the celebrated Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, are placed at the head, are all enumerated with their descent in a book to be purchased of the person who shows the

chapel : round the tomb is an inscription in the old English character, of which the following is a literal copy.

“ Preeth devoutly for the sowel whom God assoile of one of the moost worshipful Knyghtes, in his dayes of monhode and conning, Richard Beauchamp late Earl of Warrewik, Lord Despensers of Bergevenny, and of many other grete Lordships, whose body resteth here under this tumber in a fulfeire vout of stone set on the bare rooch, the which visited with longe sickness in the castel of Roan thereinne decessed ful cristenly the last day of April, the yer of oure Lord God A. D. 1439, he being at that tyme Lieutenant General and Governor of the Roialmes of Francc and of the Duchie of Normandie by sufficient autorite of our Soveraigne Lord the King Harry the 6th. the which body with grete deliberacòn and ful worshipful conduit, By See and by Lond, was brought to Warrewik the fourth day of October

the yer above seide, and was leide with ful solemne exequies in a feir chest made of stonē in this chirche afore the west dore of this chapel according to his last wille and testament therein to reste till thys chapel by him devised in his lief were made. Al the whuche chapel founded on the rooch and all the membres thereof his executors dide fully make and apparaille by the autorite of his seide willee and testament and thereafter by the same autorite, they dide translate fful worshypfully the seide body into the vout abovesaide—Honured be God therfore.”

Sometime about the year 1757, the floor of the chapel fell in, and sunk so low that the coffin of Earl Richard was discovered, and being opened, his body appeared fresh and perfect, though buried 318 years, but being exposed to the air it shortly fell to decay ; many of the ladies of Warwick made rings of his hair.

The chapel is undoubtedly one of the finest pieces of architecture of the kind in the kingdom: the expense of building it amounted, as appears upon record, to 2481*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.* but what an immense sum it would have cost in these days may be more easily imagined than calculated, when it is considered that at the period of its erection, the highest value of an ox was 13*s.* 4*d.*, and a quarter of the finest wheat sold for 3*s.* and 4*d.*

The beauty of this splendid pile, which is of gothic architecture, is considerably impaired by the rapacious iniquity of later times, much of its former embellishment being sacrilegiously destroyed; but what is still remaining conveys a strong idea of its original grandeur. The chapel is divided by three windows of six compartments, or days, as they are termed, on each side; that at the east end, containing the portrait of Earl Richard and his two wives and children, kneeling, in their several coats of arms,

&c. The figures in the other windows represent different personages and alliances of the House of Beauchamp, and the ceiling is also decorated with the heraldic bearings of the family. The floor, composed of a tessellated pavement in black and white marble, leads by an ascent of three steps, at unequal distances, towards the altar, composed of a fine basso relievo of the Salutation, which, as well as the canopy over it, and niches on each side, is entirely formed of a fine sort of freestone, with which the town abounds. In these niches were formerly placed images of pure gold, weighing twenty pounds each, by order of Earl Richard, who also directed that his executors should cause four other images of the like weight, representing himself in his coat of arms, and resting upon an anchor, to be made; one of which to be offered for him at St. Albans, one at Canterbury, one at Bridlington, and one at Shrewsbury. He also directed that first,

in all possible haste after his decease, five thousand masses should be said for his soul, and that in this church in particular, three masses a day should be sung for his repose, so long as the world should endure, and to this end, he settled lands for the maintenance of four priests, and two clerks, in the collegiate church of St. Mary, over and above the number appointed before. He also endowed the chauntry, or oratory, at Guy's Cliff.

On the north side of the altar is the confessional, a sort of whispering gallery, the steps of which are now almost inaccessible, being much worn by the devotion of pious penitents in former times. Besides the costly tomb of Earl Richard, there are also placed in the chapel the monuments of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and his brother Robert, Earl of Leicester, the envied favourite of Queen Elizabeth, with his Countess, Lettice, daughter of Francis Knolles, Knight of the Garter, &c.

Ambrose Dudley, whose effigy in full stature and armour is represented lying upon a marble tomb in the body of the chapel, was, after the death of his eldest brother, heir to his father John Duke of Northumberland, descended from the eldest daughter of Earl Richard, by his first marriage. Under the north wall of the chapel, and lying upon a marble tomb enclosed with iron palisades, are the statues of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, brother to Earl Ambrose, and fifth son of the Duke of Northumberland, and his Countess Lettice, both cut in marble. This lady was relict of Walter, Earl of Essex, and mother to Robert, Earl of Essex, beheaded by Queen Elizabeth. Over the tomb is a tablet of wood, bearing the following verses in gilt letters:—

“ Upon the death of the excellent and pious Lady Lettice, Countess of Leicester, who died upon Christmas day, in the morning, 1634.

*“ Look in this vault and search it well,
Much treasure in it lately fell;*

Wee all are robb'd, and all doe say
Our wealth was carried this way ;
And that the theft might not be found
'Tis buried closely under ground ;
Yet if you gently stir the mould,
There all our loss you may behold.
There may you see that face, that hand,
Which once was fairest in the land ;
She that in her younger yeares
Matcht with two great English Peers ;
She that did supply the wars
With thunder, and the Court with stars ;
She that in her youth had been
Darling to the maiden Queen,
Till she was content to quit
Her favour for her favouritt :
Whose gould threed when she saw spun,
And the death of her brave son,*
Thought it safest to retire,
From all care and vain desire,
To a private country cell,
Where she spent her dayes so well,
That to her the better sort
Came as to an holy court,
And the poor, that lived near,
Dearth nor famine could not fear.
Whilst she liv'd, she lived thus,
Till that God, displeased with us,
Suffered her at last to fall,
Not from him, but from us all.
And because she took delight
Christ's poor members to invite,

* Robert, Earl of Essex.

He fully now requites her love
And sent his angels from above,
That did to heaven her soul convey
To solemnize his own birth-day."

GERVAS CLIFTON.

The idea conveyed in these lines is certainly very beautiful, but whether this celebrated lady was justly entitled to all the praises bestowed on her by her partial panegyrist I cannot satisfactorily determine: her conduct towards Lady Douglas Sheffield, the first wife of Leicester, to whom at her instigation he denied his previous alliance, for the sole purpose of completing his marriage with her, renders it somewhat doubtful. Upon the tomb of Ambrose Dudley, the pedigree of this family with their rank and titles are most elaborately set forth; and on the south side of the chapel close to the wall, under a window near the altar, is a small marble monument with the effigy of Robert Dudley, the infant son of the Earl of Leicester by his last marriage, and heir to all the honours of

three separate earldoms, who died in his infancy ; being, according to oral tradition, poisoned by his nurse, at the instigation of Leicester's disavowed wife, in revenge of herself, (Lady Douglas Sheffield,) and her son, Sir Robert Dudley. Upon this tomb is the following inscription : —

“ Here resteth the bodye of the Noble Impe.* Robert of Dudley, Baron of Denbigh, sonne of Robert, Earl of Leicester, nephew and heire unto Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, brethren, both sonnes of the Mighty Prince John, Duke of Northumberland, that was cosin and heire to Sir John Grey, Viscount L'Isle, cousin and heire to Sir Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, nephew and heire unto Lady Margaret, Countess of Shrewsbury, the eldest daughter and co-heire to the Noble Earle, Sir Richard Beauchamp,

* Impe. signifies impetator, an abbreviation then given to the sons of great families.

here interred : a child of great parentage, but of far greater hope and towardness, taken from this transitory unto everlasting life, in his tender age, at Wanstead, in Essex, on Sunday the 19th July, in the yeare of our Lord 1584, being the 26th yeare of the happy raine of the most vertuous and goodlye Princess, Queen Elizabeth ; and in this place laid up amongst his noble ancestors in assured hope of the general resurrection."

Whether the " Noble Imps," of the present day exhibit as much " towardness," or will be " laid up" with as bright hopes of immortality as the precious blossom of nobility thus pompously entombed, I will not hazard a conjecture ; but, as Montague, with a sort of pardonable triumph, excited by this retrospection of the monumental glories of his ancestry, ran over the long list of titled progenitors from whom he sprang, enu-

merated with much precision on the stately tomb of Earl Richard, and pointed out to me his line of descent from the Neville branch of the house of Warwick; the "pomps and vanities" of this nether world passed across my imagination, and laying my hand upon his arm, I somewhat archly ejaculated, in the words of the sacred Psalmist, "Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long; mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee, but verily every man living is altogether vanity!"

Upon a marble monument fixed against the north wall is a tablet, with an inscription in memory of Katherine, created Duchess Dudley by King Charles I. wife of Sir Richard Leveson, of Trent-ham, in the county of Stafford (one of the ancestors of the present Marquis of Stafford, and consequently of the present Countess of Warwick), daughter of Sir Robert Dudley, the disavowed son of the Earl of Leicester, who, failing in

his attempts to establish his legitimacy, through the Court intrigues and influence of his father's widow, quitted England in disgust and retired to Florence, where he died, having been advanced to the dignity of a Duke by Ferdinand II. Emperor of Germany. This lady, lamenting the destruction with which the rude hands of ignorance and impiety threatened the splendid monuments of her noble ancestors, gave in her life time fifty pounds for the repairs of Beauchamp Chapel, and by her will dated December 1673, bequeathed forty pounds per annum for ever for the same purpose, which fund having been accumulating for several years, the chapel has recently undergone some repairs and embellishment.

Leaving the chapel, with many a lingering look of admiration, we were next shown a small but lofty octagon room situated on the north side of the choir, and once the Chapter-house, where

the Dean and Canons held their meetings of convocation, but since converted to another use by the Right Honourable Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, who in his life time erected in it for himself a stately tomb of black and white marble, supported by lofty pillars, and bearing the following laconic inscription :—

“Tropheum Peccati!”

Round the sides of the tomb is also inscribed the style of the noble founder, as thus—

“Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney.”

This nobleman, who was an ingenious writer, and a munificent patron of learning, was the son of Sir Fulke Greville, Bart. of Beauchamp's Court, and was born in 1554. He studied at both the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, after which he travelled much abroad, and upon his return to England was in-

roduced at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, in whose favour he speedily made such progress, that having a great desire to signalize himself in a military life, the Queen, fearful of losing his services at home, thought it expedient to restrain him from it, by strict injunctions to the contrary, and, enjoining him not to quit the kingdom without her leave, appointed him to an office of great honour in Wales, with the additional office of secretary to that principality.

In 1597 he received the honour of Knighthood, and two years afterwards was made Treasurer of Marine Causes for life ; at the coronation of King James he was elected one of the Knights Companions of the Order of the Bath, and in the 12th year of his reign constituted Lord High Treasurer, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and one of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council. Having discharged these noble offices with the truest fidelity, he was in 1620 ad-

vanced to the dignity of Baron Brooke, of Beauchamp's Court, and in the next year appointed one of the Lords of the King's Bed-chamber, upon which, being overpowered with the weight of these high employments, he resigned the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and retired to Warwick Castle, which had been recently granted to him by King James, and was at this period in a ruinous condition. His Lordship expended upwards of twenty thousand pounds in repairing and beautifying it, and under his personal inspection it was restored to its pristine splendour. Lord Brooke, as before observed, was a writer of considerable eminence, and amongst other productions wrote the life of his intimate friend, Sir Philip Sidney.— Deeply occupied in the composition of this work, and other important affairs, it is believed that he had neglected to remunerate the services of a domestic named Hayward, who had lived some

years in his family, and this man rudely expostulating with him on the subject, at a moment when, engrossed by other affairs, he was little disposed to bear it, his Lordship sharply rebuked him; upon which, being alone with him in his bed-chamber, and stimulated by resentment, Hayward suddenly drew his knife and stabbed him in the back, of which wound his Lordship instantly died, aged 84. The assassin, retiring into another room, quickly stabbed himself; and thus evaded the vengeance of public justice. This event happened at Brooke House in Holborn, Sept. 30, 1628. The body of Lord Brooke was embalmed and conveyed to Warwick Castle, from whence it was again removed, after lying in state the usual time, to St. Mary's Church, and deposited with suitable solemnity in the magnificent mausoleum which he had erected in his life time.

Leaving this costly specimen of monumental grandeur, which is surrounded

by numerous battered trophies, the war-like achievements of the Warwick family, the earnest request of our hostess occurred to my recollection : apprised of our intended visit to St. Mary's Church, she had so anxiously entreated me to "peep into the vault and look at the beautiful coffins," that I could not refrain from now indulging her request ; and as I paused for an instant at the latticed window of the vault where the ashes of the Greville family are successively entombed, placed in an arched catacomb, and surrounded by those of her noble relatives, I readily discerned through an aperture in the lattice the white velvet coffin so often described to me, as enclosing the remains of the once beautiful Elizabeth !

" Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven !"

This young lady, I am informed, had

been for some months in a lingering decline, from the effects of a severe cold, and in the autumn of 1805 was carried to Bristol hot-wells, in the hope of benefit from its salubrious springs.—She was not worse than usual when the Earl, her father, being seriously indisposed in London, Lady Warwick, who was attending her at Bristol, intrusted the care of this darling daughter to a confidential domestic, and departed for a few days to alleviate by her presence the sufferings of her Lord. Upon her return to Bristol to resume her maternal cares, she was met by an express to announce the dissolution of Lady Elizabeth, who had calmly expired whilst reposing on a sofa !

Moralizing upon this affecting incident, we quitted the awful scene of decayed mortality, and as we slowly crossed the church-yard, and bent our way homewards to the Lodge; the mutability

of human grandeur formed the prevalent topic of conversation :

“ For though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame,
Earth’s highest station ends in ‘ *Hæc ætæ* ;’
And, ‘ *Dust to dust,*’ concludes our noblest song !”

After a day which had afforded us so much solemn gratification, our friends left us early in order to reach Lemington before their mother’s hour of rest, and Montague, taking his hat, walked out to the bridge, for a solitary stroll by moonlight. It was that still hour of evening so admirably suited to contemplation, and as I leant pensively over the balustrades of the portico, and watched the long line of trembling radiance that played upon the water below, from the reflection of innumerable stars sparkling in the firmament, the moon rose with unusual splendour, and its beams falling full upon the glittering vanes of St. Mary’s, the magnificent Beauchamp chapel stood conspi-

cuously in my view ; and the following lines presented themselves to my imagination :—

Yon awful pile which crowns the airy steep,
Where the proud relics of the Warwicks sleep,
Entombs another in its dread abode,*
Whilst funeral requiems waft her soul to God !
Midst storied ancestry, the good and great,
Proud crested banners, and heraldic state,
There fair Elizabeth in peace shall rest,
And hallowed dust “ lie lightly on her breast ;”
That sacred spot shall claim the “ tend’rest tear
That ever trembled o’er a daughter’s bier !”
Where graceful Warwick, drooping o’er her tomb,
In chasten’d sorrow mourns her early doom,
And sighs to think, life’s painful ordeal pass’d,
“ To this complexion all must come at last ;”
Fashion’d and guarded by her fondest cares,
The grateful blessing of her matron’s years ;
She rose in life, with every grace attain’d,
By taste selected, and by practice gain’d ;
But scarce twice twelve revolving suns had seen
The ripening beauties that adorned her mien,
“ Ere health declin’d, the native tints withdrew,
O’er all her features stole a sicklier hue,
And like the rose-bud, when keen winds assail,
She droop’d, the fading lily of the vale !”
Lent by th’ Almighty for a time, not giv’n,
Pure as her native skies she rose to Heav’n !

* January 26, 1806.

CHAPTER XXV.

FOR the last few days Mrs. Arden has been growing worse, and we were in consequence obliged to give up a little excursion which we had yesterday projected to Wroxal, an ancient structure in this neighbourhood, of which we had before a slight view from the road leading to Birmingham.

This place, of which the house was in great part built by the Burgoynes, is the paternal seat of Christopher Wren, Esq. a descendant of the celebrated Sir Christopher Wren, and lately holding a high situation in the East Indies, but was originally erected as a monastery of the Benedictine Order, of which there are some remains, founded according to his-

torical tradition in the reign of King Stephen, by Hugo de Hatton.

" A long exiled Knight

By fam'd St. Leonard's prayers from distant servitude
To these brown thickets, and his mournful mate,
Invisibly restor'd ; yet doubts the fair
His speech and alter'd form, and better proof
Impatient urg'd : (so Ithaca's chaste Queen
Her much wish'd Lord, by twice ten absent years,
And wise Minerva's guardian care disguis'd,
Acknowledg'd not; and with suspended faith
His bridal claims repress'd). Straight he displays
Part of the nuptial ring between them shar'd,
When for relief to Salem's captive streets
From Paynim foes, the bold crusade he join'd.
The twin memorial of their plighted love
Within her faithful bosom she retained,
Quick from its shrine the hallow'd pledge she drew,
To match it with its mate, when, strange to tell !
No sooner had the separated curves
Approach'd each other, but with sudden spring
They join'd again, and the small circle clos'd !
So they, long sever'd, met in close embrace.
Then mindful of his vow to Leonard made
He rais'd the structure as the saint enjoin'd,
A chaste asylum to the pious train."

Disappointed of the society of our fair friend, we determined to defer our excursion to Wroxal, till some more

favourable opportunity, but desirous to avail ourselves of the beauty of a fine morning, we extended our drive to Offchurch Bury, the seat of John Wightwick Knightley, Esq. situated at Offchurch, a beautiful village, three miles beyond Lemmington on the left of the London road, of little local consequence at the present day, but interesting in its earlier history as having formerly contained

“ The rural Court of Offa, Mercian King !
Where, sever'd from its trunk, low lies the head
Of brave Fermundus, slain by coward hands *
As on the turf supine in sleep he lay,
Nor wist it sleep from which to wake no more ! ”

Offa, eleventh King of the Mercians,
and sixteenth Monarch of Britain, dur-

* “ Fermundus, son of Offa, was slain between Harbury and Long Itchington : he was a person of great eminence for piety and devotion, whom nothing made a mark and object of envy for his enemies, but that in an unhappy juncture he triumphed over them. But this undeserved fate aimed to his greatest glory ; for being buried at Offchurch, his father’s palace, he was canonized and had divine honours paid him by the people.” CAMDEN.

ing the Saxon Heptarchy, was born lame, blind, and deaf, and was most grievously oppressed with these heavy afflictions, till he arrived at years of maturity, when he miraculously obtained the use of his dormant faculties. He succeeded Ethelbald, tenth King of Mercia in 757, and soon after his assumption of the government of the kingdom of Mercia, he took up arms against Aldrick, King of Kent, whom he defeated and slew, in a battle at Otford, by which means he gained possession of the whole kingdom of Kent. In 774 he caused the immense trench, or boundary, denominated "Offa's Dyke," and extending eighty thousand paces, to be made from one extremity of Britain to the other, and which reaching from Bristol to Basingwerk, in Flintshire, formed the boundary of the ancient Britons, who harboured amongst the mountains and fastnesses in Wales, and being a warlike Prince, fond of mi-

litary pomp and ostentation, he also first ordained the sounding of trumpets before the British Monarchs, to proclaim their approach, and command the respect and homage of their liege subjects. He built amongst other palaces in various parts of the kingdom, one at Offchurch-bury, where he occasionally kept a sort of sylvan court, although his general residence appears to have been at Sutton Wallis, in Herefordshire, at which place a circumstance occurred which sullied all the glories of his magnificent reign: Ethelbert, King of the East Angles, having become enamoured of Elfrede, the daughter of Offa, demanded her in marriage: Offa, whose Queen Quindrida had long secretly entertained an invincible hatred of this Monarch, acceded to his proposal, and, upon pretence of completing the marriage, invited him to a festival at his court, at Sutton Wallis. The royal lover, unsuspecting of danger, readily accepted the invitation, and has-

tening to present himself with all speed to his promised bride, was barbarously murdered by the secret stratagems of his enemy, instigated to it by his Queen. The guilty conscience of Offa being afterwards much disturbed by the recollection of his treachery to Ethelbert, he built the cathedral church of Hereford, by way of sorrowful atonement for his crime, vainly persuading himself, according to the ignorance and superstition of the times, that Heaven might be bribed to commute the foul crime of murder, by the subsequent building of churches, and other pious structures, a sort of fancied expiation, but too often, as in this instance, a lasting monument of the founder's impiety!

Shortly after this tragical event, Offa admitted his son Egfrýd as a partner in his sovereignty, and leaving the realm to his government, from motives of devotion went a journey to Rome, where he subjected this his kingdom to a tri-

bute called *Peter pence*, and procured the canonization of St. Alban, the first Christian votary who suffered martyrdom in Britain. Of this holy man, beheaded, according to the venerable Bede, during the tenth and last general persecution at the beginning of the fourth century, it is said, that having secretly embraced the Christian religion he was in consequence doomed to suffer death, and the Roman Governor, enraged at his steady perseverance in his new faith, ordered him to be beheaded without the usual delay for preparation. In his way to the place of execution he was stopped by a river, over which was a bridge so thronged with spectators, that it was found necessary to cross the ford at some distance, upon which the saint, approaching the brink of the river, and devoutly lifting up his eyes towards heaven, the stream miraculously divided, and afforded a ready passage for himself and a thousand others! This miracle

converted the executioner upon the spot, who throwing away his drawn sword, and falling at the feet of the saint, earnestly desired that he might be permitted to die for him. The sudden conversion of the executioner causing a delay till another could be procured to perform his office, St. Alban was permitted to ascend a neighbouring hill, where, praying for water to quench his burning thirst, a fountain of clear water sprang up instantaneously under his feet, and upon this identical spot he received the crown of martyrdom, June 23, 303. In commemoration of this event, Offa, between four and five hundred years after his death, viz. in 793, erected a stately monastery to his memory, in the city of Verulam, since called St. Alban's in honour of our proto-martyr. Offa died June 29, 794, and was buried at Bedford, in a chapel since swallowed up by the river Ouse. Some years after his death, a monastery, of which there are

still some remains, was erected upon the site of his palace at Offchurch, but upon the dissolution of religious houses in the reign of Henry VIII. it was by that Monarch granted to Sir Edmund Knightley, Knt. and Dame Ursula, his wife, in the descendants of whose family the possession of it still remains.

We returned to Warwick after a cursory view of Offchurch-bury, and were agreeably surprised to find at the Lodge a packet from Captain Garth, who was then in London incog. which had arrived during our absence, and which contained the gratifying information of a report which prevailed much about town, of Lord Maynooth's final recovery. This happy intelligence has had more effect upon Lord Montague, than I could have believed possible. In spite of all his efforts to overcome it, a most painful anxiety respecting the fate of his young adversary has hitherto hung upon his mind, but I flatter myself this cir-

cumstance will entirely remove it; though not the slightest shade of censure could be attached to his conduct in any part of this unfortunate affair, he has nevertheless been unable to divest himself of sensations frequently uncomfortable in the extreme, and though to me he has invariably preserved silence on the subject, yet in the deep abstraction which has at times absorbed him, I have read the tormenting reflections of a mind dissatisfied with itself, and which the idea of having, however unwillingly, deliberately occasioned the death of a fellow creature impressed upon his mind with the most painful weight of feeling. Captain Garth proposes to take Warwick in his road into Yorkshire, and this visit so soothing to our hopes I shall hail as the harbinger of future comfort! I already begin to anticipate it with impatience; a thousand interesting inquiries not to be answered in epistolary correspondence present themselves to my

imagination, and secluded as we have now been, for upwards of five months, from all our connexions, the visit of our friend appears like a promised blessing; and in daily expectation of his arrival, we shall defer the execution of some of our usual wandering schemes, which we had previously arranged, till the next week.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MRS. ARDEN'S danger is hourly increasing ; she is now become so extremely ill, that our friends are unavoidably detained from us, and for the last week I have not once seen her daughter, though Capt. Arden occasionally comes to us for an hurried hour in the evening, after having passed the day by the bedside of his dying mother. Mrs. Arden's dissolution is fast approaching, and this awful certainty, however previously prepared for it, naturally occasions an extreme depression on his spirits. His sister, as may be expected, feels it still more deeply. Their mother is still in possession of all her faculties, and, fully sensible of her impending fate, has expressed an earnest desire that Miss Arden should go into Cornwall to her

aunt, immediately after the melancholy event has taken place. This circumstance entirely deranges a plan which we had previously settled amongst ourselves. Aware of the little knowledge which Miss Arden has yet acquired of the world, and looking forward to their inevitable separation, I had, with her brother's approbation, conditionally invited her to pass the ensuing winter under my care, for the purpose of initiating her in some degree in the manners of polished society, and this arrangement had evidently given her much pleasure. Circumstances, however, now render this plan impossible, and on Miss Arden's account I particularly lament it, for I cannot help thinking that the deep solitude to which she will now be confined with her Cornish cousins at Merazion will have but little effect in restoring her former spirits : I now almost repent that I ever named the subject, for I am inclined to believe that the disappointment

will render her compliance with Mrs. Arden's wish painful to her. In London she might also have found opportunities of improvement, which she must now necessarily be deprived of. All our regrets, however, are of no avail, for it is her mother's express desire that she should go directly to Merazion, near which place her relations reside; and she thinks too deeply of the sufferings she has already occasioned her to embitter her last moments by objecting to her injunctions.

CHAPTER XXVII.

“ Thrice happy who, the blameless road along
Of honest praise, hath reach'd the vale of death
Around his couch, like ministrant cherubs, throng
His better actions—to the parting breath,
Singing their blessed requiems : he the while,
Gently reposing on some friendly breast,
Breaths out his benisons ; then with a smile,
Calm as the slumb'ring infant, from the goal
Free and unbounded flies the disembodied soul ! ”

ALL is over ! Mrs. Arden is no more, and our friends have for some days been absorbed in the deepest sorrow. Marianne, in particular, does nothing but weep ; but Arden, accustomed to the want of her society, bears her loss with more tranquillity. She continued perfectly sensible and collected till her death, though none but her own family were of course admitted to her presence. As soon as I was informed that her dissolution had taken place, I went imme-

diately to Lemmington, and brought Miss Arden back to the Lodge: her farther presence there was of no avail, and I considered it best for her to be spared the afflicting sight of the preparations for her mother's interment.

Her remains are to be sent off tomorrow to the family vault in Cornwall, and Arden proposes to depart with his sister on their melancholy journey the following day. Miss Arden is resigned to the necessity of this arrangement, though I can readily discern in her silence her extreme dislike to it. She weeps incessantly, and although I have urged every consolatory argument in my power, a dread of the horrors of a Cornish winter still evidently mingles with her sorrow for her mother's death. I have renewed my invitation to her to come to London as soon as I am settled, and I have soothed her mind by promising to abridge her banishment as much as possible, by sending for her

early after Christmas, should Montague's professional engagements permit us so soon to fix in town. I have agreed also to select an assortment of books and music for her, and in some measure to direct her application while in Cornwall; for I have discovered that in most of the essential branches of female knowledge my young friend is strikingly deficient. If she has resolution to employ her solitude to advantage during the few months she is condemned to it, she may render it in some measure beneficial; but amiable as she really is, and laudable as her intentions are, I much fear that she has hitherto been indulged in such pernicious habits of indolence, as will effectually prevent any steady perseverance in her present studious inclination.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CAPTAIN ARDEN and his sister departed for Merazion three days since, and early the next evening Capt. Garth arrived. He is all spirits and gaiety, and the lively rattle of this agreeable young man has effectually banished the sober sadness which the deep dejection of our friends had thrown over us at the Lodge.

Captain Garth, with a most captivating exterior and extreme vivacity of manners, possesses a heart moulded to the tenderest feeling of sensibility, and having confidentially apprized him of Montague's secret uneasiness on Lord Maynooth's account, he could not rest till he had removed every doubt of his danger, and even took the additional

trouble of writing to a particular friend to ascertain every circumstance of his progressive recovery from the medical men who attended him, and he assured me that he had been informed from undoubted authority, that Lord Maynooth was so far recovered as to be in little danger of any relapse, and that his confinement proceeded solely from weakness from the effects of his wound. It was also determined, as soon as he was considered strong enough to bear the voyage, to send him to winter in the Madeiras, the colder climate of England being somewhat unfavourable to his recovery.

While Captain Garth is our guest we propose to complete the little tour which the death of Mrs. Arden interrupted, and which, if his information respecting Lord Maynooth be correct, we shall have but little leisure for afterwards, as our stay here will now be necessarily regulated by our intelligence from town.

The country about Warwick is rich and highly cultivated, and the rides round it on all sides are strikingly beautiful. Our friend is much gratified with the inspection of the castle, which we have again enjoyed to-day. We propose to devote to-morrow to an excursion to Stratford-upon-Avon, a spot singularly interesting as the favoured scene of our inimitable Bard's nativity; some account of which I shall transcribe from a popular work upon our return for your perusal.

Stratford-upon-Avon is a very ancient town, so ancient indeed that the exact period of its origin is extremely uncertain; but the fact of its existence as a town, 300 years before the Conquest in 1066, is most indubitably established. It is a small neat town, with the great north road leading directly through it; some of the buildings are of very remote construction, but the principal part are of modern erection.

The bridge which crosses the Avon is of very ancient architecture, having been built in the reign of King Henry VII. at the sole expense of Sir Hugh Clopton, Lord Mayor of London, and a native of this place.—This bridge, as appears upon historical record, was during the civil wars in the reign of Charles I. in part broken down and destroyed, by command of the Parliament, in order to secure the pass over the Avon, and thereby impede the progress of the Royal army, but it was afterwards rebuilt in 1652.

Stratford, as the birth-place of our immortal Bard, and the seat of his latter days also, was to me a scene of peculiar gratification, and I experienced no small share in traversing the exact spot where—

“ His first infant lays sweet Shakspeare sung,
Where the last accents trembled on his tongue.”

The Collegiate Church of the Holy

Trinity, in which he is buried, is built upon the sloping banks of the Avon, and is a venerable structure of the Saxon and Norman style, a sort of building much used in the earlier years after the Conquest, and is supposed to have been erected on the ruins of an ancient monastery. The approach to it is under a fine arched avenue of spreading lime trees, which presents a very striking appearance, and entombed under the north wall of the Chancel, repose the sacred relics of the Poet. A monument against the wall over this spot supports a bust, said to convey a striking resemblance of him. It was originally coloured to resemble life, according to the fashion of the times; the eyes having been represented as of a light hazle colour, and the hair and beard a fine auburn, both, according to the opinion of the ancients, indicative of superior genius; but it has since been modernized at the request of Mr. Malone, to suit the chaster taste of

the present age. Under the bust are the following inscriptions :—

*“ Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus mœret, Olympus habet.”*

*“ Stay, passenger, why goest thou by so fast ?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast
Within this monument, Shakspeare, with whom
Quick nature dide ; whose name doth deck y^e tombe
Far more than cost ; sich all y^t he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to serve his witt.”*

Obiit Ano. Doi. 1616. Ætatis 53, die 23 Ap

Below the monument are inscribed the underwritten lines, supposed to have been composed by himself, and placed there at his particular request, from a horror, which it is well known he entertained, of having his bones disturbed :—

*“ Good fr’end, for Jesus’ sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed heare.
Blest be y^e man y^t spares these stones,
And curst be he y^t moves my bones !”*

At a short distance from Shakspeare’s tomb is that of his wife, and near it is also a monument in memory of his

daughter Susanna, married to John Hall, Esq. If we may judge from the following lines engraved on it, this lady inherited an ample portion of her father's wit:—

“Witty above her sex, but that's not all,
 Wise to salvation was good Mistris Hall;
 Something of Shakspere was in that, but this
 Wholy of him with whom she's now in blisse.
 Then passenger hast ne'ere a tear
 To weep with her that wept with all?
 That wept—yet set herself to cheere
 Them up with comforts cordiall.
 Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
 When thou hast ne'ere a tear to shed.”

Near this monument is also another, in memory of a young lady, grand-daughter to John Combe, the subject of Shakspere's satirical Epitaph, who died upon the eve of marriage, as I gathered from the inscription on her tomb, which is as follows:—

“Here lyeth the body of Judith Combe, daughter of William Combe, of

Old Stratford, Esq. who was to have been married to Richard Combe, of Hemsted, in the county of Herts, Esq. had not death prevented it, by depriving her of life, to the extreme grief and sorrow of both their friends; but more especially of the said Richard Combe, who in testimony of his unfeigned love hath erected this monument for perpetuating her pious memory. She took her last leave of this life August 17, 1649, in the arms of him who most entirely loved, and was beloved by her, even to the very death."

Upon a flat stone underneath are the following lines, written also as we were informed by the disconsolate lover:—

"Interr'd beneath this marble lyes at rest,
 Untimely pluckt from her beloved's brest;
 Desire's *nil ultra*, nature's quintessence,
 In whom perfections in their excellence
 Their stations kept: her life unspotted was;
 Her soule unstained, unto heaven did pas.
 Could birth or beauty, love or to be lov'd,
 Of powers divine this sad decree have mov'd;

Might many thousand sighs, large streams of tears,
Brought forth with prayers, have added to her years;
Epithalamiums might have joy'd our cares."

The morning nearly concluded before we ended our inspection of this venerable pile, where there is much worthy the attention of the curious antiquary. From the church we next proceeded to view the spot celebrated as the residence of Shakspeare in his earliest years, and where the Bard was born upon St. George's Day, April 23, 1564. The history of Shakspeare is too generally known to require repetition; but to those who are desirous of farther information, Wheler's History of Stratford-upon-Avon, from which I have extracted this account, will be a pleasing and very authentic reference.

New Place, the abode of Shakspeare in his declining years, was originally built by Sir Hugh Clopton, the munificent donor of the bridge, and other valuable benefactions in the reign of

Henry VII.* It was then denominated the *Great House*, but afterwards called *New Place* by Shakspeare, who having become possessed of it, repaired it for his own residence. From him it descended to his daughter, and passing through a variety of hands in 1753 it became the property of the Rev. Francis Gastrell, Vicar of Frodsham in Cheshire, and Canon Residentiary of Litchfield, who, according to Wheler's account, "felt no sort of pride or pleasure in this charming retirement; no consciousness of his being possessed of the sacred ground which the Muses had consecrated to their favourite Poet. The celebrated mulberry-tree, planted by Shakspeare's own hand, first became the object of his dislike, because it subjected him to answer the frequent importunities of travellers, whose zeal might prompt

* During the civil wars Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. abode here some weeks, and from this place marched with a numerous force to join her royal consort at the battle of Edge-hill.

them to visit it. In an evil hour the sacrilegious Priest ordered the tree, then remarkably large and at its full growth, to be cut down, which was no sooner done than it was cleft in pieces for fire-wood! This took place in 1756, to the great regret and vexation not only of the inhabitants, but of every admirer of the Bard; the greatest part of it was afterwards purchased by an ingenious mechanic, who, foreseeing the value the world would set upon it, turned it to much advantage by converting every fragment into goblets, boxes, toothpick-cases, &c.

“ New Place itself did not long escape the destructive hand of Mr. Gastrell, who being compelled to pay the monthly assessments for the poor, which he thought to escape from because he resided part of the year at Litchfield, although his servants continued in the house at Stratford, in the heat of his anger declared that “ *that* house should never be assessed again.” And to give

his imprecation due effect, the entire demolition of New Place soon followed, for in 1759 he razed the building to the ground, disposed of the materials, and left Stratford amidst the execrations of its inhabitants."

It appears scarcely credible that a man of education, as I take it for granted this Mr. Gastrell must have been from his clerical appointments, and of taste I should have hoped from his residence on this gifted spot, should have been so far under the influence of his ungovernable passions; but the fact is certain, and totally unable to account for his want of that feeling of veneration for their unequalled townsman which appears to be the general characteristic of its inhabitants, I shall here close my account of Stratford, and lead you back to Warwick through *Charlecote*, a village three miles distant from Stratford, and in which is situated the estate of the *Lucy* family, the scene of Shakspeare's

juvenile plunders, upon which account we purposely deviated from the usual post-road, for the gratification of viewing it.

Charlecote House, the seat of John Lucy, Esq. is an ancient pile of brick building, rebuilt, by the style of it, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and surrounded by an extensive park, richly stocked with deer, and celebrated for the predatory excursions of the Bard and his wild associates; to the subsequent detection of which, and his prosecution by Sir Thomas Lucy, the world is probably indebted for the exertion of his creative genius. A cross road through the estate, upon the confines of this park, leads also through the village of Charlecote into the high road from Warwick to Banbury, and at this junction of the roads, emerging from a fine avenue of lofty elms, and near a brook which intersects the turnpike road, stands a few straggling cottages, the remains of

the village of Thelsford. This place, insignificant as it now appears, was originally of some celebrity for its monastery, founded about the year 1214, in the reign of King John, by Sir William Lucy, an ancestor of the present family, in honour of God, St. John the Baptist, and St. Radegund; the persons here professed being of the Order of the Holy Trinity for redemption of captives. St. Radegund, it appears upon historical record, was a saint of royal descent, being daughter to Birtarius, King of Thuring, and wife to Clotharius, fifth King of France, of the Merovignian line. This Princess was much devoted to prayer and deeds of charity, frequently mortifying her delicate limbs with hair-cloth, which she constantly wore by way of penance under her royal apparel; and being one day walking alone in the gardens of her palace, musing thoughtfully, she accidentally overheard the voices of some unfortunate captives imploring

pity from their inhuman keepers : upon which the virtuous Radegund falling upon her knees, betook herself to fervent prayer, and the chains of the captives suddenly falling off, they were immediately restored to liberty through her means ! In grateful remembrance of this miraculous event, the pious Princess thenceforth resolved to devote herself to a religious life, and shortly afterwards leaving her consort and his Court, she adopted the habit of a Nun, and founded a monastery at Poitiers in Normandy, of which she afterwards became Abbess, and dying in the year of Christ 564, was interred before the high altar in the chapel of her own foundation.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CAPTAIN GARTH, at our anxious desire, consented to prolong his stay; and, during the fortnight he has passed with us, we visited almost every place in the vicinity of Warwick, of which we could obtain information sufficiently interesting to excite our curiosity, or near enough to render our morning drive convenient. We had long proposed to devote a day to Kenilworth Castle, the magnificent ruin for which this neighbourhood is famous, but which the death of Mrs. Arden had hitherto delayed. We had talked of this excursion with such anticipation of delight, that contrary to her usual custom even Miss Arden had looked forward to it with some degree of interest; but as I guess not very deep in the annals of English History, and with

a mind by no means calculated for conceptions of the sublime and beautiful, Marianne would have experienced little gratification from the result. Notwithstanding her extreme good-humour, and professed desire for information, I confess that I have sometimes felt provoked at her stupidity. She is by no means *au fait* in historical chronology, and has either so little strength of memory, or at least so little inclination to exert it, that after having severely tasked my patience to make her comprehend somewhat of the local interest of the scenes which we visited together, I have heard her start some silly question, far wide of the subject, and turn from the contemplation of its most impressive objects to saunter in weary vacuity along the aisles of St. Mary's Church, or wander through the magnificent apartments of the castle without feeling any other sentiment than a mere childish wonder at the probable uses of its ancient furniture. Uninform-

ed and unintelligent as she certainly is, her disposition is nevertheless very amiable, and, warm in her feelings towards her friends, her gratitude for my attention is genuine and unbounded: but with all my regard for her I cannot form her into a companion; it is impossible to fix her attention long enough to give her more than very superficial ideas on any subject, or teach her to feel the slightest interest in things that happened a thousand years ago. I was therefore by no means sorry that our visit to Kenilworth had been delayed, and we departed upon our drive with a brilliant sun shining auspiciously over us, and a firm determination not to return to our rural board, till we had explored every "nook and niche" of this venerable ruin.

On the right of the road leading from Warwick through Kenilworth to Coventry, about a mile from the town, is *Guy's Cliff*, the abode of the valiant Earl Guy, in his penitentials, during the last years

of his life. It was originally an hermitage, or chantry, founded by St. Dubrius, who was buried there; but a chapel or oratory was afterwards built there by Richard Beauchamp's executors, under the same bequest, and in the same year as the Beauchamp Chapel. A cave is still shown in the gardens, said to have been scooped in the rock by the daily labour of Earl Guy, possibly by way of penance for some imaginary crime. Guy's Cliff was formerly part of Wedgnoek Park, and belonged to the ample demesne of the Earls of Warwick, but is now the property and residence of Bertie Greathead, Esq. nephew to the late Duke of Ancaster, by whose politeness strangers are sometimes permitted to inspect a valuable collection of paintings, much enriched by the design and execution of Bertie Greathead, Esq. jun. the only son of this gentleman, who unfortunately fell a victim to an enthusiastic love of the Arts, and died at Florence

in 1805, at the early age of twenty-one.

Half a mile from Guy's Cliff, on the left of the road, a short distance beyond the turnpike, is a steep hill crowned with a grove of dark firs, on the summit of which Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, the unhappy favourite of Edward II. was beheaded June 19, 1312.

The beautiful and extensive village of Kenilworth is situated four miles from Warwick, on the road to Coventry, to which place there is also another road through Stonleigh. The manor of Kenilworth before the conquest formed part of Stonleigh, a demesne belonging to the Crown; and in the early part of the reign of Henry I. a Priory, or religious house, being what is denominated an Alien Priory, usually established for the residence of Monks belonging to a foreign monastery, was here founded, of the Order of Black Canons, and the manor itself granted to Geoffry de Clinton,

one of the warlike Norman Barons who had assisted his father in the reduction of the Saxon monarchy, and who taking great delight in the possession of this charming spot, began the foundation of the castle, which he completed and embellished with great cost and care. From him it descended to his son Geoffry, but the possession soon afterwards reverted to the Crown, though it was in process of time restored to the lineal heir of that family. The towers were partly built in 1242, though that denominated Cæsar's is said to be of Roman origin, and of a much earlier date, and in 1254 it was granted by Henry III. to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and Eleanor his wife, the sister of that monarch. The Earl of Leicester, a man of turbulent disposition, and frequently in arms against his sovereign, being killed with his son Henry at the battle of Evesham, fought between the rebels under his command, and the King's

forces in August 1265 ; the possession of the castle was kept by Simon de Montfort, the Earl's youngest son, who, securely fortifying himself within it, received therein numbers of the friends and kindred of those slain in the battle in which his father and brother fell, and indulged the soldiery in such riotous excesses, that they burnt, destroyed, and squandered every thing within their reach, domineering over the neighbouring peasantry, and ruling the vassals with a rod of iron ! King Henry bending under the weight of years and infirmities, but wrathfully moved at the news of these disorders, called his army together, and putting himself in readiness began his march towards Kenilworth, to subdue the youthful rebel. Entering the town unexpectedly with his troops in battle array, and the royal banners displayed at their head, he suddenly begirt the castle, and began a regular siege of it in 1267. Desirous however to avoid

unnecessary bloodshed, the King repeatedly, but vainly, summoned the garrison to surrender, and young Simon having secretly made his escape out of it, preparations were at last made for storming it effectually. In the mean time a pestilent disorder broke out amongst the soldiery confined within its walls, and numbers of them dying daily from its violence, and their supplies also failing, the garrison capitulated, and the castle at length surrendered, on condition that all who were left alive within it should be allowed four days to depart, carrying away their horses, arms, and all other accoutrements. These terms being agreed on, Simon de Montfort, who had secretly returned the night before the capitulation, got away privately out of the castle, with the Countess his mother, and fled beyond the seas, and the King raising the siege upon the festival of St. Thomas, commenced his journey the next day to Olney, near

Oxford, where he joyfully celebrated Christmas in great thankfulness for the final ending of his troubles from the turbulent Montforts, who had so long disturbed his reign. Shortly after the battle of Evesham, in which Leicester was slain, King Henry created his youngest son Edmund Earl of Leicester; and to this youth he gave the possession of Kenilworth Castle, and two years afterwards advanced him to the farther dignity of Earl of Lancaster.

Long after this period, in the storms which clouded the latter years of the reign of Edward II. that unfortunate Monarch was confined a close prisoner in Kenilworth Castle, and while there was compelled to renounce his regal dignity in favour of his son, afterwards Edward III. who was immediately proclaimed King in his stead. From this place the unhappy Monarch was conveyed to Berkeley Castle, in Gloucestershire, and afterwards to Corfe Castle in Dorset-

shire, but being afterwards hurried back to Berkeley, he was there barbarously murdered Sept. 21, 1327.

In process of time Kenilworth Castle passed into the hands of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who in the reign of Richard II. began the structure of most of the buildings now remaining, except one of the towers which was built before, with the centre walls and turrets; and this part of the castle still retains the name of *Lancaster's Buildings*.

At the memorable rencontre of Henry Duke of Hereford, afterwards Henry IV. son of the Duke of Lancaster, with the Duke of Norfolk, which was settled by King Richard to take place at Gosford Green near Coventry, it is believed that Richard and his nobles were lodged in the castle of Kenilworth; for it appears that Hereford himself passed the night preceding the appointed duel, at Baginton Castle, another mansion of less note on the demesne of his father, the

Duke of Lancaster, dependant on the manor of Stonleigh. By Queen Elizabeth it was granted to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who spared no cost in beautifying and embellishing it. He added the spacious gate-house, or porter's lodge, on the north side, now inhabited by the family of one of the tenants of the estate, and raised the stately pile on the south-east, called *Leicester's Buildings*. In July 1575, Queen Elizabeth and her court were entertained here for seventeen days by the Earl of Leicester, during which time thirty-one Barons, besides the ladies of the Queen's household, attended by four hundred servants in new liveries, were all lodged in the castle, and all his gentlemen who waited at table were clothed in velvet, and the quantity of beer alone which was drunk in the castle amounted to 320 hogsheads, independent of an adequate quantity of wine and liquors; the daily consump-

tion being sixteen hogsheads of wine, forty hogsheads of beer, and ten oxen slaughtered each morning. The Earl of Leicester bequeathed the possession of it upon his death to his elder brother, Ambrose Earl of Warwick, with the reversion to Sir Robert Dudley, his disavowed son by Lady Douglas Sheffield. After the death of the Earl of Warwick, Sir Robert for a time made it his residence; but failing in his attempts to establish his legitimacy, he grew disgusted with it, and in 1611 passed away his interest in it to Henry Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I. and quitted England for ever.

The Prince of Wales dying shortly afterwards at the early age of nineteen, not without strong suspicion of his having been poisoned by the secret instigation of Carr Viscount Rochester, Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I. succeeded as his heir to the possession of Kenilworth Castle. In the first year

after this Prince ascended the throne, he placed it under the care of Henry Cary, Earl of Monmouth, but upon the subsequent execution of King Charles, the castle was demolished under Oliver Cromwell, who gave the manor amongst some of the officers of his army, by whom the lake was drained, the King's woods cut down, the park and royal chase completely destroyed, and the lands divided according to their will and pleasure.

It continued in the possession of these rapacious marauders till the restoration of Charles II. who renewed the lease to the daughters and co-heiresses of the Earl of Monmouth; but this grant expiring a few years before the King's death, he presented the reversion of it to Laurence Lord Hyde, thereupon created Baron Hyde, of Kenilworth Castle, and Earl of Rochester. This nobleman was succeeded by his eldest

son Henry, who dying without issue, *Jane* his eldest surviving sister, married to William Capel, Earl of Essex, became entitled to it, and this lady dying January 3, 1724, it descended to Lady Charlotte Capel, her eldest daughter, as heiress under the will of her grandfather, whose name and arms she assumed, and married, March 30, 1752, Thomas Villiers, late Earl of Clarendon, son of the Earl of Jersey. She was succeeded by her eldest son *Thomas*, the present Earl of Clarendon, born December 25, 1753, in whose possession this magnificent ruin still remains.

We had fortunately chosen a delightful day for our ramble, and having previously informed ourselves of the leading features of its historical consequence, we wandered through the mouldering arches, with a plan of the buildings for our guide, frequently pausing to gaze

with admiration on this neglected scene
of regal festivity, where

“ Leicester’s gallant Earl the maiden Queen
And all her courtly train, (with rare device
Of masks and emblematic scenery,
Tritons and sea-nymphs, and the floating isle
Amus’d,) detain’d. But royal state
And sprightly mirth beneath the festive roof
Are now no more. All, all, alas ! are gone
And silence keeps her melancholy court
Throughout the walls ; save, where in rooms of state,
Repose of kings ! chatter the wrangling daws,
Or screech-owls hoot along the vaulted aisles.
No more the trumpet calls the martial band
With sprightly summons to the guarded lists ;
Nor lofty galleries their pride disclose
Of beauteous dames, in courtly pomp attir’d,
Watching with trembling hearts the doubtful strife,
And by their looks inspiring wondrous deeds !
No more the lake displays its pageant shows,
And emblematic forms. Alike the lake
And fairy forms are flown !
And in their place, mute flocks and heifers graze,
Or buxom damsels ted the new-mown hay !

Nought now remains ;

Save the sad reliques of departed pomp,
The spoils of time ! A monumental pile !
Which to the vain its mournful tale relates,
And warns them not to trust to transient dreams ! ”

We returned by a different route,

through Stonleigh, formerly the high road from Warwick to Coventry, but now merely used as a rural one to the intervening villages and noble structure of *Stonleigh Abbey*, an elegant pile of modern building, situated about eight miles distant from Warwick. This place was originally a monastery of the Cistercian Order, and was granted by Henry VIII. to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, according to report the handsomest man of the age in which he lived, and so eminently accomplished, that being sent over to France on an embassy from Henry to his sister Mary, the young Queen Dowager of France, who had been married to Lewis XII., then ready to sink into his grave from age and infirmities, in Nov. 1514, and who became a widow in Jan. following, the Princess had cast such a favourable eye upon the Duke of Suffolk, that slighting the advice of her brother to avoid a hasty marriage with a second

husband, she openly avowed her partiality for the Duke, who, amongst others of the young nobility, had attended her over to France upon her marriage with the French King, and after a courtship of four days they were privately married in the Chapel Royal at Paris, in the spring of the year 1515, about a year after she became a widow. Henry, sensible of the Duke's extraordinary merit, had before designed this match, though for many reasons he wished it delayed till a proper time had elapsed; he was therefore easily reconciled, and receiving the Duke into his particular favour, he presented him with the manor of Stonleigh, and its appurtenances.

The three sons which were the issue of this marriage dying childless of a violent fever, which carried them all off within a few days of each other in 1550, the estates were divided amongst the heirs general of the Duke of Suffolk, and in this partition of his property, Ston-

leigh came to his cousin and co-heir, William Cavendish, Esq. who in 1575 sold it to Sir Rowland Hill, whose daughter and heiress marrying Sir Thomas Leigh, it passed by these means into the family of the present possessor, James Chandos Leigh, Esq.

Two miles distant from Stonleigh is *Baginton*, a fine estate, late the property and residence of the Bromley family. This place was formerly dependant on the Abbey of Stonleigh, and belonged to the demesne of Kenilworth, but was given by Henry VIII. to Sir Thomas Goodere, who bequeathed it to his son. This gentleman, having no male issue, married his daughter and heiress to his nephew, the son of Sir William Goodere, by whom it was sold to Sir Henry Raynsford, and afterwards to William Davenport Bromley, Esq. a gentleman of an ancient and honourable family, descended from the gallant Sir John Bromley, who in the battle of Corbey

recovered from the French the famous standard of Guienne, which they had previously recaptured from the English. Of the castle formerly standing, there is not the smallest vestige remaining except the moat; but it was here that Henry Duke of Hereford was lodged (it being, as well as Kenilworth, the property of his father, the Duke of Lancaster), when it was agreed upon by King Richard II. that his difference with the Duke of Norfolk, which gave rise to the tragical feuds between the rival Houses of York and Lancaster, should be decided by single combat on Gosford Green, near Coventry, in 1388, and from Baginton Castle Hereford proceeded to the appointed rendezvous, mounted upon a white courser, barded with blue and green velvet, his accoutrements gorgeously embroidered with swans and antelopes, in real gold work, the armorial bearings of his royal line, and armed at all points *en chevalier*.

In 1706 a dreadful fire destroyed the manor house with the valuable library, and most of the title deeds, and other writings of the family estate ; but an elegant modern structure has been erected, and was till lately the residence of William Davenport Bromley, Esq. since deceased.



CHAPTER XXX.

CAPTAIN GARTH has left us nearly a fortnight. Before his departure we had ascertained the truth of the information which he brought on his arrival, of Lord Maynooth's being pronounced out of danger. It appears that he is sufficiently recovered to emerge from his confinement, and is on the eve of sailing for the Madeiras, to remain there for the winter; there is now therefore no farther necessity for our banishment from society. Montague is become anxious to resume his military duties; but as a meeting with Lord Maynooth would for many reasons be unpleasant, I am desirous to delay going to London till I hear of his departure, although Montague's presence there is at this crisis particularly necessary, not only profes-

sionally, but on account of his private affairs. His regiment still remains in Ireland, and after an absence of so many months he feels somewhat dissatisfied till he can resume the personal command.

These considerations render him impatient of delay, and we have in consequence prepared for our immediate removal to town, which, as the autumn is now closing in with the prospect of a severe winter, is on all accounts desirable. We still however in the interim continue our daily drives to Lemmington, a place to which I shall ever feel incalculable obligation, since it has materially benefited the deranged health of Montague. Warwick also, where I have passed so many tranquil hours, can it ever be effaced from my affectionate recollection?

Our letters are arrived. Lord Maynooth has sailed, and our immediate removal is in consequence decided on. Every thing is arranged for our depar-

ture, and to-morrow we leave Warwick, possibly for ever! I strolled this evening for the last time through these interesting shades to the conservatory, to superintend the package of some plants which I intend to remove to the plantations at Richmond, as a pleasing memorial of the scenes we are now leaving; and while I yet lingered in the gardens, and the sun's parting rays faintly played upon its ivied turrets, I bade adieu to this venerable structure in the following lines:—

Written upon the Mount at Warwick Castle.

Farewell, ye towres! which mock the azure sky,
Rearing your hoary battlements on high.
Ye painted halls! with gothic windows dight,
" Casting around a dim religious light,"
Where many a baron bold, and high-born dame,
Swell the bright glories of thy storied fane!
Where the plumed helmet, and the crested car,
And all the " pomp and circumstance of war,"
Lent to thy daring chieftains in the field
Power that made Monarchs, or made Monarchs yield.
And proud memorials! distant ages tell
How Warwicks bravely fought; and bravely fell!
Here rests the conqu'ring sword, and pond'rous lance,
Of matchless Guy! famed hero of romance!

A wand'ring pilgrim friendless and unknown,
A scrip his earthly all—a cell his home,
He daily sought amidst the vagrant band,
Some trivial boon from fair Felicia's hand,
When worn with grief, from splendours once so dear,
He fled to scenes of penitence and tears.
Here royal *Emma* kept her prison'd state,
And mourn'd in fallen majesty her fate.
Doom'd by a tyrant son's relentless ire,
The guiltless sufferer dared th' avenging fire!
The dreadful ordeal pass'd—the captive free,
She gives, O Winton! future fame to thee.
Here youthful *Cornwall* met his hapless fate,
The wretched victim of a country's hate.
With humble prayers the weeping monarch sued
This minion's life; the stubborn peers refuse:
Alike his prayers, alike his tears they scorn,
Nor prayers nor tears pretract the bloody morn.
Torn from his beauteous bride in youth's soft bloom,
Dragg'd unrelenting to an early tomb,
Where yon tall fir-trees wave in mournful pride,
The murder'd Gaveston unpitied died!
Beneath these bowers in grateful ease reclined,
With lore and learning stored his ample mind,
Here princely *Neville* sheathed his sword in peace,
And bade fell discord's deep-toned murmurs cease,
Ere thoughtless Edward caught in beauty's chain
Forsook his vows—his promised bride disdain'd!
His broken faith th' indignant chief disclaims,
And dire resentment lights its glowing flames.
Not fiercer storms autumnal tempests move,
When royal *Bona* weeps her slighted love,
And home he flies, with bitter taunts to greet
The recreant sovereign at her rival's feet.

Insulted honour stings his manly breast,
 And dreams of vengeance rob his soul of rest;
 Amidst these shades th' imperious plot he forms,
 And roused to arms in fierce rebellion storms!
 Yet crowns with wary hand the long check'd flame,
 And binds with York the mighty Warwick's name.
 Ere sad Aurora wakes th' eventful morn,
 The glitt'ring steel his polish'd limbs adorn,
 High o'er his brows Lancastrian roses bloom,
 And bold defiance shakes his haughty plume.
 Again the Bear in banner'd triumph rides,
 From rank to rank the well known standard glides:
 Aloft in air th' emblazon'd ensigns play,
 Fifes, drums, and cornets, hail the rising day!
 In vengeance terrible the chief appears,
 Defeat nor death unconquer'd Warwick fears!
 Onward the hero moves in dread array,
 And dreams of conquest gild his ardent way.
 Wide o'er the heath the embattled armies stand,
 And vict'ry doubtful hangs on either hand,
 Loud midst the thrilling blast the neighing steeds
 In trampling terror tell their valiant deeds,
 York's paler rose asserts the glorious prize,
 And shouts of triumph rend the low'ring skies!
 As suns and stars the dreadful contest wage,
 Pierce midst the thickest of the battle's rage,
 The undaunted chieftain scours th' ensanguin'd plain,
 O'er slaughter'd heaps—the dying and the slain,
 Dares the crown'd ingrate to the "tented field,"
 Nor scarce in death to conqu'ring Edward yields!
 Now, even now his gallant soul inspires
 Thy youthful heroes with its martial fires!
 Farewell, ye scenes! where oft at day's first dawn
 I brush'd the dew-drop from the spangled lawn,

Roved midst thy winding shades and thickets deep,
Or climb'd with loitering step th' embower'd steep,
Or wrapt in wonder press'd the verdant sod,
And look'd "from nature up to nature's God!"
Thou stately pile! around thy wide domain
May smiling peace and joys domestic reign!
May Warwick's race be Heaven's peculiar care,
May all its sons be brave, its daughters fair!
Long o'er these scenes in high desert preside,
The patriot's glorious boast—a nation's pride!

CHAPTER XXXI.

WE quitted Warwick after a sojourn of five months in its vicinity, and again gladly bent our course towards the metropolis, where the presence of Lord Montague was now become of much importance to his interest; for the term of years for which the lease of his town-house had been granted was about expiring, and the termination of the other incumbrances upon his estates was also drawing near. We took up our abode at an hotel in Bond-street, for the short time which we proposed to remain in town, and the first fortnight after our arrival he gave solely to private business with his solicitor.

The recovery of Lord Maynooth, who by this time had reached the Madeiras in perfect safety, precluded the necessity

of farther privacy on his account; and though from motives of choice we as yet appeared but little in publick, we in some degree resumed our place in society, and received the visits of such of our mutual friends as happened to be in town at this early part of the winter.

It was desirable for obvious reasons, that the usual ceremony of presentation upon our marriage, which the untoward circumstance of the duel had hitherto delayed, should now also take place, but as it would inevitably occasion an interruption of our present domestic habits, by the increase of our visiting circle before we considered ourselves prepared for it, we agreed, as the wiser plan, to defer it till on the eve of leaving town for Ireland, whither Lord Montague had fixed to go in January.

Mrs. Aylmer had previously engaged us to pass the Christmas holidays at Richmond; her health was much im-

paired by the severity of her rheumatic affection, which occasionally confined her for weeks together to her apartment, and Montague, although he considered it as an innovation on his public duty, willingly conceded this short period to her wishes. His regiment was still stationed in Ireland, but in daily expectation of being ordered back to England; and he now only waited to ascertain the fact of its continuance there, before he determined to resume the personal command, by going immediately to Limerick, where after an absence of nine months from his post, in which time some material changes had occurred, he considered his presence as in some measure indispensable. Mrs. Aylmer, as I soon perceived with much concern, was in a very precarious state; her constitution had suffered much from the frequent recurrence of indisposition, and a sort of fretfulness, partly occasioned by the indiscretion of her family connexions,

and partly by her own personal sufferings, kept her mind in a continual state of irritation.

The death of General Aylmer had been shortly followed by that of his brother Sir James, who, from his long practised habits of high play, had left his family, as might naturally be expected, but slenderly provided for. His only son, a youth of seventeen then educating at Westminster, had succeeded to the title and deeply-embarrassed estate; and the jointure of Lady Aylmer, the sole provision for her Ladyship and her two daughters, being with difficulty paid out of it, their necessities had rendered them in some sort dependent upon Mrs. Aylmer, who upon the decease of Sir James had liberally taken upon herself the discharge of their private debts, in order to leave it unincumbered for their support, and to whom the young Baronet was also indebted for the purchase of a commission in the Guards,

where, although his finances were somewhat limited, he yet contrived to figure as a conspicuous dasher of *haut-ton*. Lady Aylmer herself seldom came to Richmond but on some errand of necessity, in which her habitual thoughtlessness not unfrequently involved her, and on such occasions Mrs. Aylmer, much as she despised the frivolity of her conduct, seldom wholly refused her assistance; though it is probable that, disgusted by the frequency of application, it was occasionally but reluctantly accorded. Unused to withhold her sentiments, she had decidedly expressed her disapprobation of her extravagance, and declared her determination not to countenance her nieces in their former habits of dissipation. This resolution she had many times repeated, and though she sometimes condescended to replenish her Ladyship's purse, the supplies were not granted without the unwelcome accompaniments of animadversion and advice:

glad at any rate to secure the object of her mercenary mission, Lady Aylmer listened submissively to the angry lectures of her benefactress, and anxiously counting the moments till the golden prize crowned her hypocrisy, she duly performed her usual routine of protestation, and then joyfully bade her adieu till some new plea of distress brought her again on her begging embassy. The Misses Aylmer still remained unmarried; and, as I learnt from their aunt, were still likely to continue in their state of single blessedness, not however from any dearth of effort on the part of their lady mother to get them eligibly disposed of, but the object of her operations having unfortunately been too conspicuous, her matrimonial manoeuvres had hitherto failed of success. The girls themselves had been educated in habits of too much extravagance for men of moderate fortunes to think of them as wives, and their faces had long been so

familiar in the circle in which they moved, Lady Aylmer having imprudently intruded them wherever she could obtain admission, that the "*new*" had been long since worn off their attractions; and wholly unassisted by the charm of riches or variety, the Aylmers, though handsome and really accomplished girls, stood but little chance of matrimony amidst the general rage for novelty.

At the period of our visit Lady Aylmer had prudently absented herself from Richmond for some weeks; for having accidentally dropped a few ill-timed hints respecting a treaty she had entered into for a house at Bath, the old lady, irritated past bearing at this fresh proof of folly, peremptorily refused her aid for the prosecution of her new scheme, and desired her in future to seek for support to her extravagance elsewhere. The young Baronet however still came as usual to flatter his "*good aunt*;" his eccentricities had fortunately

for him as yet escaped her knowledge, and having somewhat more successfully studied the peculiarities of her disposition, he was in consequence a far greater favourite with her than the rest, and though she had positively announced her determination never to advance another guinea for Lady Aylmer, she cheerfully lent her aid in support of his gay appearance.

Sir Edward, in his manners and composition, strikingly resembled his father; he was not however supereminently gifted by nature in his understanding, and having received that sort of superficial education which boys of fashion generally obtain, he had emerged at once from the trammels of Westminster discipline, into the dissipated society of his brother officers in the Guards, and was, if not as trifling, at least as inconsiderate as the female part of the family, though he more warily concealed it from the knowledge of his aunt. Amongst

the gay society to which the military connexions of their brother had introduced them, Lady Aylmer had anxiously sought about for an establishment for her daughters, and report had for some months occupied the younger of them in a love affair. The object of Miss Margaret's present passion was a young man in her brother's regiment, of rank, it is true, because he was the younger son of a northern earl, but of trivial expectations as to his pecuniary possessions, and little better than a school-boy in intellectual advantages. She had passed the last summer at Cheltenham, where she had made herself so conspicuous for the levity of her dress and manners, that her aunt, deeply hurt by the indiscretion of her female relatives, declared to me with tears, that she even felt disgraced by their affinity. Lady Aylmer and her daughter Margaret she considered as little better than mere adventurers, but Miss Aylmer, I rejoiced

to hear from her, had conducted herself with more propriety; she had been staying at Richmond most of the summer months with her, and she hoped she said, that Ellen would at last turn out deserving, though of any change in her sister she professed herself utterly hopeless. I saw none of the family except the young Baronet during our stay; for his mother, aware of her present disgrace, prudently kept aloof: and after the fortnight which Montague had promised to pass with her had expired, we took an affectionate leave of our revered friend, and returned to town to superintend the choice of furniture, and settle other necessary matters previous to our departure for Ireland.

About this time a rupture was announced between the Russian and English Courts, in consequence of which Lord Rathfarnham was ordered to leave St. Petersburg without delay; but unavoidable necessity depriving us of the

happiness of meeting him in London, we left directions for his arrival to be immediately communicated to us, and having arranged the furnishing and fitting up the house in Cavendish-square for our reception on our return, we at length departed for Ireland.

During the whole time of my stay in London, I had not once met my father; the town was as usual so thin of company before Christmas, that I scarcely expected to find him there, and though extremely anxious to hear of him, I had made various inquiries respecting his present plans; all the information I had gained only informed me that he still persevered in his former dissipated habits, and that he was then living at Brighton, although, as it was believed, without his late companion Mrs. Sutton. This was all I had learnt respecting the measures of the Earl, and over this account, though containing nothing new, I had shed torrents of bitter tears, whilst Montague,

my valued Montague, strove to soothe my regrets, and endeavoured to compensate for the want of a parent's regard by the increased tenderness of his own.

CHAPTER XXXII.

“ Huge uproar lords it wide,
All nature reels, till nature's King, who oft
Amidst tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm ;
Then straight air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.”

EARLY in February, and before we had been resident a month in Ireland, Lord Montague's regiment, contrary to the information which he had received respecting its destination, was ordered from Limerick to Cork, to embark there for England. The regiment was still upon its march ; but, intending ourselves to return by way of Dublin, we had lingered for a week upon a visit to a family with whom we were previously acquainted in the neighbourhood of Drogheda, when one day as I was dressing for a splendid dinner party, to which

we had been invited by a neighbouring nobleman, Montague brought me a letter which had recently arrived, forwarded by express from Dublin. Pressed for time to complete my toilet, having been detained from it by a tedious morning visitor, and supposing it brought the expected intelligence of Lord Rathfarnham's return to Britain, I bade him read it aloud while I finished the important task of placing some ornaments in my hair. Perceiving that he changed colour as he threw his eye over the contents, I felt alarmed ; and turning pale from the apprehension that some misfortune had occurred, Montague drew me to a chair, and gently folding his arms round me, cautiously informed me, upon the authority of a physician of eminence in London, that Lord Carloraine having been grievously afflicted with a paralytic stroke, was then lying as he feared at the point of death, but still sensible enough to manifest a desire to see his

child ! I cannot express what I felt at this intelligence. It is not to be supposed that my duty or affection for Lord Carloraine could be of that tender nature which a more deserving parent might have claimed from me, but the certainty of his present danger, added to the anxiety he had expressed to see me, and the probability of his dissolution before I could reach him to receive the slender comfort of his parting kindness, almost the only instance in which he had ever shown me any, seemed to inspire me with a warmth of feeling towards him that I was unconscious of before, and coldly, even cruelly as he had treated me through life, at this moment I would have given worlds to have ensured his recovery. Shocked beyond expression at this awful visitation of his errors, whilst he was yet in the full meridian of his dissipated career, I felt wholly unable to give my mind to any thing else ; and, absorbed in tears, Mon-

Montague left me for a few moments to the care of my woman, and went below to our friends, to whom he shortly explained the necessity of our sudden departure, and prevailed on them to keep their appointment, and bear apologies for our absence to their noble entertainer. He then gave orders for immediate preparations for our journey; and, having taken a hurried leave of our friends, I threw off my half-finished dinner-dress, and hastily equipping myself in my travelling habit, in half an hour we were on our route to England.

We reached Dublin late in the evening, and Montague having previously sent forward to secure a passage, we went immediately on board the packet for Holyhead, and towards morning got under way. The night was calm when we embarked at the Pigeon-house, but the wind changing early in the ensuing day; the weather became very tempestuous, and towards evening it blew such a

tremendous hurricane from the North, that the vessel being unable to make the port, the Captain was evidently more alarmed than he chose to acknowledge to the passengers; although he endeavoured to quiet our apprehensions by repeatedly assuring us, that as long as he had sea-room he would answer for our safety, and that there had not been a packet lost since the days of King William. Notwithstanding all these assertions, and Montague's professed reliance on them, from the terrific roaring of the winds, and the incessant tossing of the creaking vessel, I anticipated every instant the termination of our fate! We had got on board at a late hour, and having previously secured the cabin for our accommodation, I had obtained a few hours' rest during the early part of the morning; but the storm having arisen in the interim, we were blown about with such incertitude of motion, that, roused from my slumbers by the fright-

ful rocking of the vessel, and terrified at finding Montague absent, I threw a furred travelling cloak about me, and taking Norris by the arm groped my way in the dark to him upon deck, where, fully aware of the danger of our situation, he was personally aiding the master in the difficult steerage of the vessel. The tempest still raged with indescribable fury. Evening was rapidly closing in, and just at this critical moment the vessel sprang a leak: a dreadful outcry from below announced it to those above, when all was instant confusion. All hands were speedily summoned to the pumps, and the sailors harassed with exertion, and dripping with the rain which poured in torrents from the shrouds, roughly cleared the decks of all unnecessary incumbrance, and, wholly regardless of our entreaties or our fears, drove us back again to the cabin; Montague also, in the strongest paroxysm of alarm, peremptorily commanding us to

keep entirely below. Never will the horrors of this dreadful night be effaced from my memory ! Amidst the boisterous warfare of the contending elements, the waves ran mountain high over the decks, and our light vessel, borne to an amazing height by the heavy swell of the billows, was as suddenly dashed back again by the violence of their recession ; whilst poor Norris and I, shut up below and entirely deserted, prostrate on our knees, and enveloped in total darkness, remained in instant expectation of being buried amidst the waters ! Morning at last broke upon us, but our danger continued extreme : during the whole of the day we were buffeted about in sight of the Welsh coast without a possibility of making the port ; but towards evening the wind happily changing, the tempest quickly subsided, and the vessel having with difficulty weathered the storm, at a late hour we landed in safety at Holyhead. Many hours had now elapsed since

the voice of Montague had blessed my ears, but when he at length rushed into our dark cabin, and clasping me to his heart joyfully announced to us that the vessel was in port, he appeared like an angel sent from Heaven to our relief! Drenched in rain and completely exhausted by fatigue, having aided the spent crew by his personal exertion through the long hazard to which we had been exposed, he was unable to proceed without some interval of repose; but having changed his wet clothes, and ordered post horses for an early hour, he threw himself upon a sofa wrapped in his travelling surtout, and slept till the time for our departure was arrived, and then guarding ourselves as well as we were able from the inclemency of the weather, we commenced our melancholy journey towards the metropolis.

It was yet early morning, and perfectly dark when we departed from Holyhead; a deep snow had fallen during the

night, and, as we discerned by the uncertain light of our lamps, still continued to descend with rapidity. Before day-break the roads were almost trackless, whilst our half-frozen drivers enveloped in snow, and nearly perishing with cold, seemed scarcely able to drag their horses through the deep passes of the mountains amongst which the road lay; and by the time we had crossed Bangor Ferry, and approached Penman Mawr, at about the distance of forty miles from Holyhead, there seemed but little probability of our being able to proceed farther. To those who have travelled over the stupendous heights of Penman Ross, and more particularly of Penman Mawr, I need not recall the apprehensions that must inevitably have assailed them; but language cannot convey, to those who have never beheld them, an adequate idea of the terrific horrors of the scene at this unfavourable season of the year; for the road which crosses the latter

mountain lying along its extremest edge, a single false step seems inevitable destruction. Immense rocks impending above appear every instant ready to crush the passing traveller to atoms, whilst the precipice itself, hanging frightfully over the sea roaring tremendously at its base, is so hideous, and so full of danger, that, carefully averting my eyes from the sight of this vast abyss, though in some measure guarded, I sat in breathless terror till we stopped at the gates of the neighbouring inn: a wall however has been erected on the side next the sea, and other precautions taken for the better security of this dangerous mountain pass.

Dismayed as I felt by the opposing obstacles of wind and weather, I was nevertheless so anxious to receive the parting blessing of Lord Carloraine, that I would willingly have encountered every difficulty to obtain it; and Montague, tenderly entering into the nature of my

feelings, dispatched an avant-courier to secure horses for the succeeding stages. Notwithstanding this necessary precaution we made but little progress on our journey ; for through Cheshire the roads were almost impassable, and having snowed without intermission during the preceding day and night, it now drifted in such immense masses from the hills that the snow in many places measured nearly fifteen feet in depth : once we were literally dug out of it upon the road, and although we used every possible exertion for expedition, travelling with four and often with six horses to the carriage, it was not till late in the second night that we arrived at Namptwich. The people of the posting-house had been buried in sleep ; but, having with some difficulty roused the servants for our admission, we received the unpleasant intelligence that a considerable delay must ensue, for that a single pair of horses were all that could possibly be procured

for us before day-light. Whilst we were deliberating upon what plan we should pursue, a King's messenger, going to Ireland with dispatches for the Lord Lieutenant, stopped at the gates, and, demanding this important pair of horses to carry him on towards Holyhead, at once put an end to all prospect of our proceeding. In this dilemma the newly arrived postillions, learning the motives of our anxiety to proceed, civilly proposed to carry us forward the next stage, as soon as their horses were sufficiently refreshed to allow it; and Montague having thankfully accepted their offer, ordered them such refreshments as they chose, and devoted the few hours it afforded us to a transient repose. Long before day-break we were called from our hurried slumbers, and shown into a dreary and comfortless looking parlour to wait whilst the carriage was preparing. None of the servants were yet stirring, but Montague discovering a cheerful fire

blazing brightly in the kitchen, speedily removed us to its spacious chimney corner, where by dint of the most determined perseverance he at length procured some hot coffee for our refreshment; and seated at a long kitchen table, at the farthest extremity of which were the friendly post-boys enjoying their cold meat and hot liquors, we thankfully dispatched our hasty meal, whilst Norris exceedingly scandalized at our imaginary degradation, assisted in preparing the repast, and angrily documented the sulky house-maid for her tardiness, assuring her with some warmth, that “neither *herself* or her lady were accustomed to sit with *post-boys*!”

The frost had set in very severely during the night; a sharp sleet blew directly in our faces from the South, and, the ice cracking at every step beneath their weight, the drivers could scarcely keep the horses upon their feet. I had never before experienced such a journey,

and although we were afterwards provided with proper relays, it was not until the evening of the fourth day from our leaving Holyhead, that we at length reached London. Exhausted by incessant travelling, added to the anxiety I underwent respecting the fate of Lord Carloraine, I could scarcely sustain myself through the last stage from Barnet; and supported half dead with fatigue upon the bosom of Montague, as we drove upon a damp and foggy evening through the crowded streets of the metropolis, it seemed as if we were never to reach our destination. We stopped at the hotel where we had resided during our last temporary sojourn; and Montague, hastily ordering up some slight refreshment, sent immediately for a hackney-coach, and drove to the residence of the Earl's physician in Bedford-square, leaving me to repose myself upon a sofa during his absence. Dr. — was fortunately at home, and Montague

sending in his name was instantly admitted, and soon gained the information he desired. Lord Carloraine, though in extreme danger, and suffering under the most painful symptoms of his disorder, was still spared to my hopes, and Dr. — apprized of my arrival proposed to go immediately to Grosvenor Square himself, to prepare him for the interview, for which he assured Montague the Earl was very desirous, though for the consequences in his present state he professed himself unable to answer. Montague gladly availed himself of his proffered kindness, and returning to Bond-street with the information he had received, immediately attended me himself to Grosvenor Square. The distance from Bond-street is comparatively trifling, but never before did the way seem so long. I trembled with emotion as the carriage drove round the square, but when it at length stopped at the well-known door from which I had been so

terrifically expelled, my feelings were indescribable! The stillness of death seemed to reign throughout the house; scarcely a light was visible except the lamp burning in the hall, and though assured of his existence but a few moments before, I dreaded lest I should be told that my father had breathed his last. The muffled knocker reverberated low and hollow through the hall, and the porter slowly obeying its summons, Montague lifted me from the carriage in cautious silence, and as he carried me into the house, overpowered with agitation, it seemed as if I had only returned to it but to die! With the aid of some drops, and a glass of water, I was soon sufficiently recovered to bear the interview, and Dr. —, having already apprized the Earl of my arrival, came down stairs to conduct me to his apartment. Montague, from motives of delicacy, remained below, and as I slowly ascended the staircase and rested for an instant against

the balustrades, Dr. ——— went forward into the bed-chamber of the Earl. Lord Carloraine, pale and motionless, lay apparently on his death-bed, but hearing some one enter, he faintly asked, “Is it my daughter?” and roused by his indistinct murmurs, I sprang forward to his bed-side, and uttering an exclamation of delight that he was yet sensible enough to recognize me, I threw myself upon my knees and sunk almost upon the floor. Completely subdued by the fatigue I had undergone, some minutes elapsed before I was capable of contemplating the change in his altered countenance; but when, pressing his cold lips to my cheek, he looked anxiously round the room as if expecting some one else, my heart throbbed with transport as my hopes pointed to Montague. In his present weak state I dared not however breathe my wishes, and Dr. ——— perceiving that, although much gratified by this short interview, I was scarcely able

to support it, speedily put an end to it by reminding his patient that he must compose himself to sleep—"You will not leave me, Frances?" said Lord Carloraine, anxiously detaining my hand as Dr. — motioned my departure. I promised him that I would remain in Grosvenor Square as long as he desired, and, the Doctor still urging my absence, I took leave of him for the night, and descended to the library, where Montague anxiously waited my return. He expressed no objection to my stay in Grosvenor Square in obedience to the Earl's desire, and solicitous only to promote my happiness, which now seemed to centre in personal attendance on my father, he repressed every appearance of resentment of his former conduct; and upon the Earl's expressing some vague inquiry respecting him a few days after our arrival, he readily acceded to my solicitation, and, attending me to his apartment, voluntarily offered his hand

to the Earl, and thus gratified my heart by their apparent reconciliation, though even to this hour I am yet doubtful if it was the Earl's desire; but the total suppression of all resentment on the part of Lord Montague, at a moment so trying to my feelings both as a wife and daughter, would for ever have entitled him to my grateful regard.

During my residence in Grosvenor Square I found that a total change had taken place in its former establishment; I saw none but new faces: the old servants were all discharged, and others of a different description supplied their places. The economy of the household appeared utterly deranged, and as there was now no regular housekeeper to preside over its concerns, Norris, who from her long residence in the family was well acquainted with its former arrangement, undertook for the present the direction of domestic affairs. In the plate and linen department she soon per-

ceived an unaccountable deficiency; of the former the absence of many valuable articles was hourly discovered: some were entirely gone, whilst others being indefatigably searched for, and their existence pertinaciously insisted upon, by degrees re-appeared; but of the latter little more now remained than was barely sufficient for the daily necessity of the household: inquiry and argument were alike unavailing for the restoration of the missing articles. Mrs. Sutton had presided during these nefarious depredations, and pillage, as it seemed, had been the order of the day. Amongst a variety of information gathered by Norris in her intercourse with the new domestics, it appeared that frequent altercations had latterly occurred between the Earl and his *chère amie*; and these bickerings, usually occasioned by the increased extravagance of the lady, had arisen to such a height that, one morning after their customary quarrel over the break-

fast table, Mrs. Sutton packed up her valuables, whilst the Earl was riding out, and drove to the lodgings of one of his Lordship's intimate companions, with whom she immediately decamped from Brighton, leaving Lord Carloraine to curse his folly, and vent his wrath in execrations on the duplicity of his mistress and his friend! His Lordship, who from custom, and custom only I should hope, had become attached to this woman, was so provoked by the ridicule to which her elopement had exposed him, that he insensibly gave way to an increasing habit of inebriety, and in the intemperance of his conduct at this period originated the disorder which now menaced his life.

Lord Carloraine had been literally "deserted in his utmost need," abandoned in a dreadful situation to the cold cares of mercenary hirelings; his once well-appointed home became a scene of the utmost confusion, and at my return

from Ireland the domestic establishment was totally deranged. From the attics to the cellars all seemed riot and disorder, and the servants all master *chacun à son tour*.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

UNDER my assiduous care Lord Carloraine seemed to grow better; his strength appeared returning, and at the expiration of a week he was so much recovered, that Dr. —, judged it proper to remove him to Bath as soon as he was able to bear the motion of a carriage. Lord Montague had a house at Bath, purchased for his brother's residence there during the long illness which preceded his death, and as soon as this measure was finally resolved upon, he left town, and went forward to get it prepared for the Earl's reception. Towards the end of February we removed thither by easy stages, and the Earl bore the journey far better than I had dared to hope he would; he was still however extremely weak, and, though

recovering, he usually kept his apartment except for a few hours in the middle of the day, when he sometimes ventured into his dressing-room, where, notwithstanding he had scarcely strength to go through the task of such unnecessary embellishment, he daily made his toilet with all the caprice of fastidious youth.

As his health returned his former habits returned also, and attended with a degree of peevishness which rendered my constant attendance upon him frequently painful in the extreme. Weary of his own reflections he now sometimes, however advised against it, chose to join us in the drawing-room, and on these occasions, although Montague carefully abstained from every expression of his disgust, I readily discerned that he could not conquer the repugnance which his Lordship's habits had inspired him with. He was studiously attentive to his comfort in all his wishes and his wants; but he held little more than unavoidable

conversation with him; and I observed that those hours which he expected the Earl would pass below, Montague usually devoted to riding, or some out of doors occupation that wholly detached him from his society.

I perceived with pain that this continual restraint was becoming irksome to him; and I was not sorry when the arrival of Lord Rathfarnham, from St. Petersburg, in some measure relieved him from it, by affording him a plausible pretext for a temporary absence from Bath. He gladly embraced the opportunity of meeting them in London at my request, and to apprise my brother of the necessity of my close attendance upon the Earl.

Lord Rathfarnham met Montague with all the warmth of partial friendship, heightened in some degree by the tenderness of family ties; but, incensed at the former conduct of Lord Carlisle, he expressed but little commiseration for

his present sufferings, while Lady Rathfarnham, less violent perhaps in her expression of it, yet equally warm in her aversion to the Earl, candidly confessed that she could not feel sorry to hear of any thing he might suffer, as the consequence of his intemperance, though for my sake she hoped that his convalescence would soon release me from the necessity of farther attendance upon him.

Lord Carloraine however still remained much in the same state, and Montague was passing a busy fortnight with them in London, when the Duchess of Albemarle, who was then illuminating the fashionable world at Bath, called upon me the first morning that the Earl's recovery allowed me to be visible, and protesting that she would not permit me to confine myself any longer to his society, insisted upon my joining her evening party at the rooms. Lady Aylmer too, I shortly found, was my

neighbour; for having succeeded in her Bath scheme without the assistance of Mrs. Aylmer, she had taken part of a house in Great Pulteney Street, where we also resided, and upon the score of old acquaintance frequently intruded as a familiar morning visitor. Miss Aylmer sometimes accompanied her ladyship, and amongst the incidental chit-chat of the place I learnt that she had made a conquest of a young man of some consequence, the only son of a Carnarvonshire Baronet, who had been passing the preceding season with his family at Bath. In our occasional meetings I perceived that Miss Aylmer was in reality much improved, and I gladly bore testimony to the alteration in her flighty manners: reviewing my former feelings, I believed that I might heretofore have beheld her with a jaundiced eye, and under this impression I considered myself as bound to the recantation of my former error respecting her, and

to do justice to her merit, by reporting it duly to her aunt; so true is the observation of an eminent author, "A la longue les erreurs disparaissent, et la vérité surnage." The manners of Miss Aylmer were evidently much altered, and upon her own account, as well as that of her aunt who was become much attached to her, I witnessed the change with pleasure, and sincerely rejoiced at the prospect of such a desirable match as it was generally understood Mr. Meredith would be; for although the connexion had been originally disapproved of by the family of her lover, Mr. Meredith had surmounted all objections, and the alliance it was believed would shortly take place. Lady Aylmer however appeared nearly as contemptible as formerly. This hoary belle had been for some time casting her *doux yeux* on an elderly nobleman who resided in the same house with her; and with the powerful auxiliaries of rouged cheeks and

auburn locks, aided by a certain slimness of figure, she exhibited an appearance of youth, somewhat unusual in women of mature age. Her Ladyship, though she indignantly denied it, was considerably past fifty, and had she wisely followed the example of many estimable mothers at a similar period of life, might have passed her declining years as a respectable member of society; but amidst the giddy throng in which she was ever to be found, her lisping affectation of youth, added to her liberal display of bare shoulders and withered arms, had long pointed her out as an object of juvenile ridicule. Miss Aylmer, with sense enough to be pained at the incorrigible folly of her mother, endeavoured to shield her from contempt by the respect of her own demeanour towards her; while the steadiness of conduct she had herself for some time prudently adopted, presented a striking contrast to that of her Ladyship, and

her favourite daughter Margaret, who just at this period had unfortunately rendered herself the prevalent topic of conversation, by an adventure which not only exposed her to the severest animadversion, but mischievously threatened to involve her elder sister in its consequences.

This young lady was not now at Bath; she had been there during the early part of the season, but having like her mother attained somewhat of notoriety, she had left it previous to my arrival, on a visit to a female friend, with whom she had returned to London; and it appeared that the military hero whom I had before heard described as the object of her present *tendresse*, had also had his share in the motives of her departure. With this honourable youth she had carried on a correspondence for some time, although it was believed that her brother was in some measure implicated in the affair; and it is possible that Sir Edward,

aware of her speculations, and probably desirous to lessen his own incumbrances, had aided their execution by his tacit approbation. Be this as it may, whilst Lady Aylmer was engaged at Bath in manœuvring for her own aggrandizement by the conquest of her coronetted neighbour, Miss Margaret was not less actively busied in negociation with her friend in town, and an elopement being decided upon the plan was speedily put in execution. I must do Lady Aylmer the justice to believe that she was in no wise concerned in this affair; she was in fact totally ignorant of it, and, as Ellen afterwards assured me, actually believed the adventurous Margaret quietly visiting her female friend at Chiswick, till long after the elopement had actually taken place; and the first intimation she received of it was when the exasperated father of the intended bridegroom brought the disappointed fair back to her mother's house in London, and

formally re-delivered her to the protection of the young Baronet. It seems that the happy pair, amply provided for their northern expedition, had proceeded as far as Borough-Bridge, upon their route to Gretna-Green, when, being attacked most mal-à-propos by a brace of intrepid highwaymen, they were unfortunately deprived of all means of reaching their destination, and after waiting some days in the vain hope of a supply from the army agent in London, to whom the lover had immediately written for assistance, the young gentleman, with his inclination for matrimony somewhat cooled by the consequences of the affair, and without a solitary guinea left in his purse, found himself under the necessity of writing to his father at Edinburgh, to acquaint him with the awkwardness of his present situation, and solicit his pecuniary assistance without delay. Lord Arran lost no time in personally answering his son's communication; and

indignant at the folly which had engaged him in this hair-brained expedition, he came post from Edinburgh to extricate him from his embarrassments, and finally resolved to put an end to all connexion with a woman who had neither rank or fortune to recommend her to his choice. Hurried away by the violence of his anger he liberally bestowed on them every epithet of reproach which his imagination could devise; and in this intemperate sally all the attendant circumstances became public at Borough-Bridge, and after discharging the bill at the inn, with abundant comments on its extravagance, he sent the young gentleman off by the mail, under the care of a trusty domestic, to his paternal seat in the Highlands, and brought the disappointed belle himself back to London, in a hired chaise and four.

The young Baronet exceedingly provoked by the ill success of this sapient

scheme, carried himself somewhat high to the northern Earl upon the occasion : he talked much of his sister's mental sufferings and tarnished fame ; and feelingly expatiating on the injury done to her reputation, by the awkward circumstance of her having lived for several days under the protection of Captain Arran at Borough-Bridge, he adverted with great warmth to the immediate necessity of its reparation by marriage. But his Lordship was not to be intimidated by the lofty vapouring of a mere boy. He had seen too much of the world to be talked out of his understanding ; and, well informed of Margaret's general character, he only laughed at the assertion of her having been drawn into this exploit by the persuasions of his son. If Sir Edward or his family would undertake to place the parties in an independent situation, his Lordship protested that he had not the

smallest objection to the reparation the Baronet demanded ; but as far as related to himself, he had brought the lady back as he had found her, and had nothing more to do with the affair ; he should not beggar the rest of his family to support the extravagance of a son who had already squandered away every shilling he would ever receive from him ; and he considered it but justice to apprise him, that he already owed more than his commission cost, amongst his brother officers in debts of honour. As to the injury done to the spotless fame of the fair lady, by her abode at Borough-Bridge, his Lordship confessed that it certainly was a very unfortunate affair ; but he must be allowed, he said, to remark that, from the specimen which he had already seen of her “ head to plan, and heart to execute,” there remained little doubt in his mind of her ability to preserve inviolate her *immaculate reputation*. And with this sarcastic observa-

tion Lord Arran took his leave, leaving the Baronet to vent his spleen in fruitless maledictions on the failure of this precious plan.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

“ On eagle’s wings immortal scandals fly,
Whilst virtuous actions are but born and die.”

ALMOST before Sir Edward could apprise his mother of these unpleasant circumstances, the whole story became public. “ *The fair Margaret and her Highland Hero* ” were caricatured in every print-shop from Hyde Park Corner to Stratford-le-Bow, and travelling upon the wings of rumour to Bath, it was buzzed about in whispers ere it became known to her own family.

Entering the rooms one evening rather later than usual, I waited hesitating to cross between the dances to join the Duchess of Albemarle, and took possession of an unoccupied seat till I could reach my party, near to which a knot of giggling girls were placed. As some of them chatted audibly with a young

man who had previously joined them; the name of Lady Aylmer, ludicrously designated as "*the Evergreen*," repeatedly caught my ear.

"Oh no!" replied one of the girls, eagerly answering some remark to which I had not attended, "that is quite out of her power, and for the best of all reasons, for the match is certainly *off*."

"*Off*! The devil it is!" exclaimed the beau, "I think you are mistaken however, for I saw Meredith riding with her yesterday morning."

"Very likely, but I assure you it is true notwithstanding; my aunt's Mason has a sister who lives with the Merediths, and Mason told me not two hours since, that Meredith went to London last night like a madman, to inform himself of the truth. The Merediths I know always hated the match, and they won't hear a syllable of it now."

"I am told that every body *cut* them last evening," said the beau.

“ Oh yes, and do you know they actually affected to be astonished at it! Such a scene, Mason says, followed at Sir Arthur’s! My Lady cried; Sir Arthur stormed, nay, Mason says, raved like a lunatic! Meredith as you may suppose, was quite in his heroics, but it’s all to no purpose, for Sir Arthur vows that the royal blood of Caractacus shall remain uncontaminated; so it really is *off* to all intents and purposes.”

“ According to oracle Mason at least,” said another; but at that moment a lady joined them from an opposite seat, in whom I instantly recognised one of the tall daughters of a Cambrian family, whom I had sometimes seen in public with the Merediths, and whose approach wholly silenced the party.

Petrified with astonishment, I listened to this conversation: the story had not yet reached me, for a wet morning and

an unusual peevish humour had kept me entirely with Lord Carloraine; and ignorant of the affair I could not divine its allusions, and hastily joining the Duchess I asked for information. Her Grace shortly explained, and, rising to patrol the room, gave me more at large the history of Margaret's adventure. Her second son Lord George Somerset, who had arrived but the day before, had newly imported it from London, and from him I learnt it with all its extravagance and caricature.

Exceedingly pained at finding Ellen Aylmer so undeservedly implicated in her sister's disgrace, I perceived at a single glance the serious mischief it might occasion to her; for that it had already had much undue influence on the Meredith family, previously ill-disposed to the match, there remained not a doubt. It seemed that a party was forming to crush her into insignificance, and as I indignantly expressed my sen-

timents of its illiberality, the Duchess feelingly asked if nothing could be done to avert its mischievous result? "I have seen but little of Miss Aylmer," said her Grace, "but she appears to be a well disposed young woman. I abjure her mother, observe, I totally exclude her; but if I can be of the least use to Miss Aylmer, if you can devise any scheme to be of service to her, you may entirely command my services. If *my* countenance," continued her Grace smiling, conscious of her own power, "can be of the least use in the affair, trust me it shall shine forth most graciously."

Gratified by this assurance, I resolved to protect Ellen from the concentrating malice of the phalanx arrayed against her; and if upon farther inquiry I found her really deserving of her Grace's favour, I determined to avail myself of her offered countenance, and bear her out in triumph.

Rendered somewhat uncomfortable by

the news I had heard, I left the rooms early, and got my chair called up immediately. "Home, my Lady?" asked Owen, as he closed the door. "To Lady Aylmer's," I answered; and before I could arrange any plan to my satisfaction, I was set down at her door. "*Not at home*" was the reply; but seeing a light in her dressing-room, and satisfied from the accounts I had just heard that she was not likely to be engaged with company, I sent in my name, and was immediately shown up stairs. Lady Aylmer was sitting by the fire, pensively jogging her foot upon the fender, and Ellen, kneeling beside a large trunk, was busily assisting her maid in sorting packages of their scattered wardrobe. The corded trunks about the room were symptomatic of sudden departure; and waiting only till she had dismissed her attendant, I entered at once upon my errand, and candidly informed her of all I had heard at the Rooms. I ex-

plained my motive for the visit, and pressed her to tell me ingenuously whether herself or her mother were at all aware of Margaret's elopement; she solemnly assured me they were wholly unacquainted with it; and satisfied on this point, I apologised for intruding myself into her confidence, and next questioned her as to the reported defection of Mr. Meredith. Amidst abundant tears, she informed me of the actual extent of his addresses.

It appeared that he had not yet positively offered her his hand, which he had delayed solely on account of his family's objection; but that having nearly overcome this impediment by his perseverance, he was in hourly expectation of receiving Sir Arthur's permission to this effect; when her sister's disgrace put an end to all her hopes. Of Mr. Meredith's sudden journey to London, she had been apprized by an incoherent note she had received from him that

morning, but as to its object he had been wholly silent. For the result of his inquiries she confessed herself prepared by the public slight which she had the preceding evening experienced at the Rooms, whither, ignorant of the affair, she had gone as usual with her mother. Situated as things were, ceremony was wholly unnecessary, and frankly avowing my motives for thus catechising her, I assured her if any efforts of mine could counteract the evil effects of this affair, in its operation upon her interests, it would afford me infinite pleasure. She received my assurances in the sense I really meant them, but, unable to answer, she thanked me only by her tears; while her mother, with her habitual inconsistency, rambled widely from the point, and exhausted all my patience by a long strain of lamentation for the sufferings of her "*deluded Margaret.*"

Weary of this ungrateful subject, I

cut it short by coldly informing her that I came not to sympathize in the "sufferings" of Miss Margaret, that the sole object of my visit was to rescue her elder daughter from unmerited disgrace; and that having little leisure for other subjects, I must request her attention to the business which had brought me. Having thus silenced her Ladyship's regrets, and drawn her attention to a point more material, I next informed her that I considered it peculiarly hazardous for Miss Aylmer to leave Bath, however painful it might be to her feelings to remain there at the present crisis. In no wise participating in the misconduct of her sister, I deemed it unjust that she should experience the injurious effects of it; and I added that I should rejoice to afford her my protection as long as her stay might be convenient or agreeable; and rising to take my leave, I told Ellen that I should expect a note from her in the

morning, to fix at what hour my carriage should bring her to our residence ; unable to articulate distinctly, she wept her gratitude in silence ; her mother, less susceptible and far more loquacious, volubly expressed her thanks as she followed me half down the stairs. Early in the morning Miss Aylmer's note arrived, to inform me that, her mother having departed some hours, she gratefully accepted my invitation, but leaving the hour to my own convenience : I named one at which the streets of Bath are usually thronged with fashionable pedestrians ; and purposely sending the carriage long before I knew she could be prepared, I gave orders for my servants to wait at her door till Miss Aylmer should be ready, in order that her removal to my house might be marked with every possible publicity.

Miss Aylmer, as I guessed, had excited no small envy by her conquest of Mr. Meredith. He was the heir of an

ancient Baronetage, and an ample estate in Carnarvonshire, and I had previously heard his connexions, with the folly of his misjudging passion for Ellen Aylmer, most elaborately discussed by the ladies of a family from his own neighbourhood, whom I had accidentally met with a few mornings before, and in one of the daughters of which I recognized Miss Bell Rowlandson, the fair oracle of the assembly-room.

These ladies, the Misses Rowlandson, were at Bath with their aunt, a sage maiden of fifty-four, who, attired with the nicest precision of maiden modesty, sat erect and stately as my Lord Chamberlain's wand of office, whilst she minutely recounted the family possessions of the enamoured lover, and spitefully descanted on his ill-assorted alliance. Miss Arabella too had spoken with peculiar and undeserved severity of this strange attachment; but the mystery was soon solved; for, as I learnt from

Ellen, this "strange attachment" had been the means of frustrating a plan previously entered into by the families on both sides, for a matrimonial alliance between Mr. Meredith and Miss Bell Rowlandson herself. In these ladies I perceived that Ellen had a host of enemies marshalled against her, and from the redoubled acrimony of their remarks I did not hesitate to believe that they instigated the present cabal. I communicated my suspicions to the Duchess; and, the next evening having been fixed for a fancy ball, it was agreed that Ellen should be chaperoned thither by her Grace.

The Duchess, who entered warmly into the cause, previously arranged her proceedings with her son, and, without any hint of her intentions to Ellen, directed his Lordship to fall violently in love. Lord George was a young man of a captivating exterior, somewhat dissipated in his character, but of high con-

sideration in the female world of fashion. In the harmless pursuit of amusement, according to the present *gout*, he had not, it is true, yet seduced a wife or mother, or even shot his bosom friend; but he was notwithstanding in a probable way of adding these achievements to his other honours; for he was already of considerable celebrity in the annals of fashionable error, and, added to his other eccentricities, was lately become a conspicuous leader of the dashing Four-in-hand Club. "Lord George is a fashion setter," said the Duchess, smiling partially on her son, "and as soon as this new *penchant* has given lustre to our protégée, Miss Aylmer will see troops of her receding lovers court her smiles." Fortunately for Ellen, Lord George could not have arrived at a more seasonable opportunity; he was a host within himself, and, decidedly supported by such powerful auxiliaries as the Duchess and her son, I prognosticated

that my fair friend would rise like a phoenix from the ashes of her family fame! Ellen herself however was far from being sanguine: no intelligence had yet reached her of Mr. Meredith, and when we separated to dress for her eventful *entrée*, under the auspices of her Grace of Albemarle, her tearful eyes and faded cheeks bespoke the disappointment of her heart.

The Duchess called on us in her way to the Rooms, and while mustering her spinstered forces in the lobby, she repeated her directions to Lord George, to be decidedly marked in his attentions to Miss Aylmer. "She is for the present," said she, continuing her instructions, "my particular object; you must therefore give her fashion by the *eclat* of a transient conquest, and by alarming her lover's pride bring him in triumph to her feet."

Whilst we were throwing off our cloaks in the ante-room, a bevy of girls,

amongst whom were Miss Meredith, and the malicious Rowlandsons matronized by their starched aunt, passed into the ball-room. Some fashionable friends accompanied us, and entering the room, the Duchess, purposely chatting audibly, successfully attracted observation to the party, and approaching that part of the room where the Merediths were placed, her Grace familiarly wreathed her arm within Miss Aylmer's, and in an important whisper endeavoured to re-assure her courage, which on meeting the eyes of the Meredith family had again nearly deserted her. Pained by the general stare of astonishment which assailed her, Ellen would willingly have receded from farther notice; but, her Grace issuing her commands, she joined the dancers with Lord George, her gay and gallant partner taking care to make his devotion fully manifest to all around. Lord George performed his part *à merveille*, and enacted the enamoured swain with

extraordinary effect. During the whole evening the Rowlandsons seemed petrified by this extraordinary scene. If the strange passion of Mr. Meredith had before excited surprise, the apparent one of Lord George Somerset still more increased their wonder, and, as he gaily led her down the dance, the mortified titter of Miss Bell sufficiently announced that Ellen's triumph was complete. Seated near them, I occasionally threw on this young lady an eye of steady observation; and, determined if possible to awe her into shame, I regarded her with fixed attention whenever I perceived her disposed to be malicious. The next day Miss Aylmer's conquest was widely disseminated amidst the gossiping circles of Bath, and amongst other reports of the passing hour it could not fail to reach the Meredith family; and the manifest approbation with which the Duchess had publicly distinguished her gave a sort of indefinite sanction to the report. Two

days afterwards, and whilst the card-tables were yet sitting in judgment on the affair, Meredith returned from his London journey, and ere he could well enter on the subject of his mission, he was sarcastically greeted with the history of her recent triumph. In London he had learnt the confirmation of Margaret's error, and, hopeless of effecting a change in the determination of his father, he had returned to Bath, as he believed, to bid Miss Aylmer farewell. Sir Arthur Meredith, disgusted with the conduct of Lady Aylmer, whom he had seen for years idly fluttering in the same dissipated circles, had from the first disapproved of all connexion with the family; but Meredith, notwithstanding all obstacles, continuing passionately attached, he had suffered rather than sanctioned his addresses to her daughter. The moment however that her personal respectability became questionable, Sir Arthur conceived himself fully justified

in putting an end to the meditated alliance ; and Meredith, entirely dependant upon his father, and convinced from the general inflexibility of his character that all hopes of their union were now at an end, had reluctantly abandoned his projects of wedded happiness. To the thorns already planted in his bosom by the destruction of these ardent hopes, his sister mischievously added others, by elaborately detailing the personal attractions of Lord George Somerset, and the complacency with which Miss Aylmer, forgetful of her former preference, had obviously listened to his titled rival. Lady Aylmer, he was informed, had suddenly quitted Bath : with whom then was Ellen ? was the next natural inquiry ; and when he had ascertained beyond all possibility of doubt that she was openly received as my visitor, was actually resident under my roof, and publicly distinguished by the partial notice of the Duchess of Albemarle, a ray

of light flashed across his mind, his hopes suddenly revived; and instantly seeking his father, and stating these circumstances, he anxiously demanded if he could entertain a single doubt of the respectability of Miss Aylmer, when women, at whom scandal dared not point, so decidedly sanctioned her by their friendship and regard: struck by this simple question, Sir Arthur felt his dislike to Ellen somewhat lessened. Miss Aylmer had been hunted down most unmercifully; her reputation had been carved and served up to him in a thousand different ways by the contrivance of the spiteful Rowlandsons, in the vain hope of lessening Mr. Meredith's attachment to her; but a moment's reflection upon this single circumstance told Sir Arthur he had been deceived. His conviction of her merit was instantaneous, and, desirous to make every possible reparation for the mutual uneasiness he had caused them, he became equally

anxious with his son to ascertain the fact of Miss Aylmer's being actually under my care. To establish this beyond a doubt, Meredith instantly adopted the readiest method that presented itself, and immediately addressed a letter to me, in which, briefly stating the nature of his feelings, with those of his family, upon the subject of Miss Margaret Aylmer's conduct, he earnestly entreated me as the avowed friend of Miss Aylmer, to satisfy his father's mind as to the fact of Ellen's being entirely unimplicated in the disgrace of her imprudent sister. My answer I believe was perfectly satisfactory to all parties; for the same evening brought me a note from Sir Arthur Meredith, requesting permission to intrude on my leisure by a visit the next morning. I need not tell you that I joyfully accorded it, or that both Ellen and myself augured the most agreeable result from this interview.

A fashionable groupe of morning

loungers in the train of the Duchess of Albemarle were already in my drawing-room when they arrived ; Ellen turned excessively pale when they were announced, but the deepest crimson dyed her cheeks when she perceived Meredith's complexion somewhat heightened at observing Lord George Somerset assiduously hovering near her. Her Grace soon drew off her party with a marked adieu to Miss Aylmer, and gave our visitors an opportunity of entering at large on the subject of their visit. With more candour than ease Sir Arthur apologized for intruding himself on my acquaintance ; but he could not rest, he said, till he had personally expressed his regret for the uneasiness which he feared he had occasioned to Miss Aylmer by his incredulity of her worth, nor could he feel satisfied with himself till he had amended his error, by declaring his perfect conviction of her merit, and his final approbation of Mr. Meredith's addresses.

Circumstances, which he confessed had before led him to disapprove of his son's choice, had hitherto kept them at a distance; but all misrepresentation being done away, and all impediments now happily removed, he did not doubt but the future affection of his family would make her ample amends for their former doubts of her worth. Ellen could not answer him articulately: her voice faltered as she attempted to express her feelings; and the old gentleman, tenderly saluting her cheek, left Meredith to tranquillize her mind, and removed to the sofa by the fire-side, where he gratefully repeated his thanks for my attention to his wishes, and requesting permission to bring Lady Meredith and her daughter to visit Ellen, as early as was agreeable, he shortly took his leave, promising Ellen to repeat his visit very speedily. Mr. Meredith seemed to have but little inclination to accompany his father; I therefore detained him to din-

ner, and left the lovers to talk over the fortunate termination of their grievances, and arrange their future plans, whilst I passed the rest of the morning in Lord Carloraine's apartment, where my presence was become hourly more necessary, the Earl having been for the last two days more than commonly indisposed. Accustomed to luxurious and high-seasoned fare, and ever addicted to the pleasures of the table, his Lordship disdained the simple regimen now prescribed to him by his medical attendant, and still obstinately coaxed his appetite by the sight of forbidden dainties. Already weak and enervated by excess of every description, this pernicious indulgence of his taste frequently threw him into agonies of extreme bodily suffering; and, writhing under the severest tortures of inflammatory gout, his anger became ungovernable if his intemperance was even hinted to him as the probable cause of his suffering: things being in this un-

comfortable situation, and, daily engaged in close attendance upon his Lordship, I at length felt necessitated to close my doors against society. I gave up going into public at all, and during this interval Mr. Meredith became our principal domestic visitor.

At Sir Arthur's express desire Lady Meredith and her daughter had repeatedly visited Ellen, who was now openly recognized by the family connexion as Meredith's future bride; and Ellen's happiness being thus secured by a little skillful perseverance, I felt inexpressible satisfaction in communicating it to her aunt.

While this affair was transacting at Bath, Lady Aylmer had been carrying her youngest daughter into North Wales; she had a widowed sister living in Montgomeryshire, with whom she was desirous of placing her till the *bruit* of her indiscretion had in some degree subsided; and the young lady herself, however

bronzed by the possession of almost masculine assurance, feeling somewhat unwilling to combat the broad grin of caricature which on all sides met her eye, seemed desirous for the present to seclude herself from observation, and gladly consented to pass the summer months with her Welsh aunt. A few days after Ellen became my guest, our family party received an addition by the arrival of Dr. Grey. This worthy divine had for some years held a living in the vicinity of Bath, upon which he regularly passed the winter, equally dividing his time between his Somersetshire benefice, and that which he had long possessed in Devonshire under the earlier patronage of my deceased mother.

He had been resident in the neighbourhood for some time, and, having accidentally learnt our arrival at Bath from the papers, he now came to pass a few days with us prior to his return into Devonshire. For many reasons, but

principally on my father's account, I rejoiced at this most opportune visit from our clerical friend. Lord Carloraine, little as he regarded his sacred function, had nevertheless ever shown Dr. Grey particular respect, and I was not without hopes that during this period his persuasive eloquence might impress his Lordship's mind with a proper sense of the awful truths of religion, befitting his situation, and those beauties of holiness which he so well knew how to inculcate.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"He dies, and makes no sign!"

A FEW days after the arrival of Dr. Grey a material alteration took place in Lord Carlboraine, and for the last week he visibly grew worse. He had broken through the restraints strictly enjoined him by his physicians, and frequent fits of indigestion, occasioned by his persevering in indulgences inimical to his recovery, had deranged his whole system. I strongly remonstrated with him on the obvious impropriety of these irregularities of diet, but my arguments were of little avail; his Lordship was far too self-willed to content himself with simpler fare, and a total relapse had been the consequence of his temerity. His complaint had returned with increased force; dreadful spasms sometimes tor-

tured him even to agony, and a return of his former alarming symptoms bespoke his danger imminent.

I witnessed this change with the utmost regret, and, convinced that his own obstinacy was the sole cause of his present suffering, I beheld him sinking into his grave, the self-devoted victim of wilful indiscretion. In this trying interval Dr. Grey was almost my only comforter, for Montague still remained absent ; and with this estimable friend I held many interesting conversations on the subject of the Earl's religious opinions ; and deeply aware of the little importance his Lordship attached to the sacred offices of the church, the worthy man endeavoured to impress them seriously upon his mind, and laboured in his vocation with unremitting assiduity. Nothing daunted by the evident *ennui* of his weary auditor, the Doctor daily renewed the subject as opportunity presented itself, though his pious efforts, as

hitherto, appeared totally unavailing.—
Ill as he was, Lord Carloraine invariably listened to the worthy divine with his habitual politeness; he heard him to an end without any attempt at contradiction, and then coldly assenting to his arguments, he dismissed the subject, or changed it to some other less irksome to his attention. Dr. Grey however still continued my visitor, and aware of the errors of his Lordship's life, and his approaching dissolution, he occasionally renewed his pious labours, but without any hope of obtaining the desired blessing of repentance, or recantation of his former errors. In matters of religion the Earl was a perfect infidel; the occasional assumption of it had fully answered his purpose, and, satisfied with the credit of its outward appearance, he had given himself no trouble to acquire the reality.

About this period Lady Aylmer returned to London from her journey into

North Wales, and Sir Arthur Meredith having acceded to his son's wish for his immediate union with Ellen, their marriage was determined upon, and was now shortly to take place; and Ellen, having taken a grateful leave of me, left Bath, and returned to her mother's house in town, to prepare for her approaching nuptials.

Absorbed with melancholy contemplation of the Earl in his present altered state, I now passed my time in watching for hours by his bedside, with Dr. Grey, my only companion. Extremely anxious for Montague's return, I wrote to apprise him of his increased danger, and as I impatiently anticipated his personal answer to my summons, I beheld with added alarm the evident change in the Earl: his countenance was become livid, and his whole body perfectly motionless; he sometimes lay for hours apparently lifeless, except when his frame, nerved by strong spasms which returned at

stated intervals, shook with the violence of internal convulsions; his eyes were dim, and his sunk and hollow cheeks exhibited such an unusual appearance of ghastliness, that those who had beheld him but a few months before, in the full possession of bodily health and activity, could scarcely have recognized the altered lineaments of his former features.—

“ A death bed’s a detector of the heart,
A lecture silent, but of sov’reign power,
Where tired Disimulation drops the mask
Through life’s grimace, that mistress of the scene.”

Never was this awful truth more strikingly exemplified than in the instance of Lord Carloline; for, as long as sensibility remained, he habitually supported the character which he had previously sustained during the continuance of his long protracted illness: he preserved the same insinuating softness of manners, except, when irritated by opposition, or suffering from indis-

cretion, he broke out into paroxysms of rage, the effects of which for hours were visible on his shattered frame.

A few days after Miss Aylmer left Bath, Lord Montague returned. Shocked almost beyond articulation as I led him to Lord Carloraine's bedside, he gazed for an instant with silent awe on the dying Earl, and whilst his glaring eyes, vacantly fixed on him, inspired him with a feeling little short of horror, he anxiously drew me from his apartment, and endeavoured to detach my thoughts by relating the causes of his lengthened absence from Bath.

He had been at first detained in town by military business, but, having taken leave of Lord Rathfarnham's family, he was at last setting out for Bath, when he was suddenly called to Richmond by a letter from Mrs. Aylmer. It appeared that a family consultation had been held upon the subject of Ellen's marriage, in consequence of which Lady Aylmer

had imprudently ventured upon a renewal of her former applications to the old lady, in the hope that, as the eldest daughter was about to be so eligibly established, she would in some sort redeem the tarnished fame of her youngest, by providing for her in a way which would enable them to demand the promised acquiescence of Lord Arran to his son's marriage with her, could their independence be ascertained. Sir Edward, having some little affairs of his own to get disposed of, and which he hoped to cajole his "*good aunt*" into settling for him, before he could allow himself to think for his sister, declined making this trial of her benevolence, lest it should counteract his own views; and the old lady, previously irritated by the conduct of her Ladyship respecting the Bath business, and exceedingly scandalized by the adventure at Borough-Bridge, was too much exasperated at their "*insolence*" as she termed it, in pre-

suming to dictate to her respecting the disposal of her property, to listen to their plan, and still less inclined than ever to lend herself to their new scheme. She had ever disliked Margaret, but her name was now become odious to her ears; and Lady Aylmer, fearful of destroying her future expectations, warily withdrew herself from the coming storm, and hastened back to London with the tidings of her ill success. In consequence of this application, Mrs. Aylmer, who amidst her increased indisposition had long meditated the legal disposition of her property, sent in haste for Montague to consult him respecting it; she wished for his opinion as to her testamentary intentions towards the relatives of her deceased husband, though as to the disposal of her private fortune, which being very ample had been principally secured by settlement on her marriage with General Aylmer, her mind had been long determined.

She wished, she assured him, to do what was strictly equitable by her husband's family; and she was particularly anxious to do justice to the merits of her eldest niece, upon the event of her approaching marriage with Mr. Meredith, by a proportionate liberality; but she positively avowed her determination never to give her sister Margaret a shilling of her property whilst she lived, and that what she considered herself as bound to bequeath to her at her death, from motives of respect to the memory of her deceased husband, she meant to secure in such a manner, as would effectually prevent her from squandering it like her mother. Convinced that all attempts to change her resolve would be wholly fruitless, Montague forbore to remonstrate with her in her present tone of mind; but referring her to his solicitor for information as to the arrangement of her intended bequests, he urged the propriety

of their immediate settlement by will ; for he discerned in the few days he staid with her at Richmond, that her health had undergone much alteration since we parted from her in January ; and he feared if her benevolent arrangements were much longer delayed, the death of our venerable friend might frustrate our present intentions, and leave Lady Aylmer and her youngest daughter, for whom notwithstanding all their errors, he could not divest himself of pity, entirely dependant on the generosity of the young Baronet, who as heir at law would inevitably succeed to the possession of the estates. This affair, and their numerous consultations upon the subject, had hitherto detained Montague ; but on receiving the intelligence of the Earl's danger, he at length left town and returned to Bath. The Meredith family were gone to London to be present at the wedding, for Sir Arthur, considering himself as having in-

jured Ellen by his former ill-placed suspicions, now believed that he could not sufficiently show his regard ; and although he never exhibited much appearance of cordiality towards Lady Aylmer, his approbation of her daughter was manifested on all occasions. Mrs. Aylmer performed her part with appropriate liberality ; and the necessary preliminaries being finally adjusted, the day at length arrived, and the nuptials, with due regard to *ton*, were solemnized at St. George's, Hanover Square. Sir Edward gave away the bride, and the newspapers as usual descanted in due form on the bewitching loveliness of her smiles, and the costly elegance of her Brussels lace robes, &c. &c. &c. The happy pair had before paid their duty to their venerable aunt, and as soon as Lady Aylmer had announced its celebration to all her acquaintance, by a liberal distribution of the splendid bridal favours, exhibited by the liveried

beaux of the Opera Lobby, during the following week they set out *en cavalcade* to pass the honey-moon at Sir Arthur's seat in Carnarvonshire. I received a handsome letter from Mrs. Meredith upon the occasion of her marriage; she considered herself, she averred, as solely indebted to me for her present happiness, and as long as she existed she professed herself unable to forget her obligations. I rejoiced sincerely in the happy completion of her hopes, and duly expressed my felicitations on the subject; but from this momentary feeling of joy, I was speedily recalled by the dreadful fate of Lord Carloraine. Two days of extreme agony had reduced his wasted frame to a mere skeleton, and, entirely destroying all remains of bodily sensibility, I at length abandoned my last hope of his recovery. Although he was now evidently past the reach of human aid, he was not for an instant left without medical

attendance. Not the slightest symptom of intelligence now lighted his closing eye, and although mournfully convinced that my presence could no longer be of use, I still lingered by his bedside, clasping his cold hands, and gazing with agonizing anxiety upon his countenance, as the terrific shades of death gathered visibly over it.

From this dreadful scene Montague at length removed me to my own apartment, and, wearied out by a long series of painful watching, I slept soundly for some hours. Awaking at day-break, I rang to inquire how the Earl had passed the night, and was told that he was better. Rejoiced at a change for which I had not dared to hope, I composed myself to sleep again, and rising some hours after, I was preparing to go to his apartment, when Montague entered my chamber, and to my anxious inquiry of him respecting the Earl, Norris answered that he was better,

“ *Much* better, my Lady,” she repeated with emphatic earnestness; “ He is in *Heaven*, I hope!”

Instantly comprehending this intimation of his departure, I sunk speechless into a chair; a flood of tears soon relieved me, and as I wept unrestrainedly on the bosom of Montague, he tenderly endeavoured to calm the agitation which this event, however anticipated, could not fail to excite. I soon however became more composed, and convinced that every effort of human ability had been exerted for his relief, I forbore to indulge myself in fruitless lamentation. I abstained from all unnecessary expressions of regret; but I strove in vain to divest my mind of that trembling anxiety, with which I had long fearfully contemplated the uncertainty of his fate in another world.

“ He is in Heaven I hope!” I fervently ejaculated as this dreadful doubt dwelt on my mind; it incessantly

haunted my thoughts, and, in spite of Montague's affectionate rhetoric, and the happiest efforts of Dr. Grey, occupied many melancholy hours of reflection after the Earl's death, but conscious that the strongest efforts had been exerted to awaken the light of religion in his departing soul, I strove to compose my mind into submission to the will of the Almighty, nor dare impiously to arraign by unavailing sorrow the inscrutable decrees of an omnipotent Creator.

"Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all:
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LORD Montague took upon himself the necessary regulations for the Earl's funeral. He sent his remains, suitably attended, to the family vault in Wiltshire; and this ceremony over, we returned to London, and took possession of our magnificent residence in Cavendish Square. Lord Carloraine had died without a will: the Wiltshire estate went with the title to a distant branch of the family, and the other property which he possessed amounted to a mere trifle.—The unrestrained plunders of Mrs. Sutton and her successors had left little more than necessary furniture in the town-house, and in that which he had for some years rented at Brighton, scarcely more than the bare walls were remaining!

Montague examined into his affairs with the most scrupulous attention; he gave directions for the immediate liquidation of all the legal demands upon his property, but of those improperly denominated "debts of honour" he waved all consideration, till the just demands of his tradesmen were discharged. In the course of this examination, such a multiplicity of nefarious transactions came to light, that, more and more disgusted by the discovery which he was daily making of the Earl's former connexions, he felt relieved from an intolerable weight when his task was concluded.

Lord Carloraine died in March, and early in April we removed to Cavendish Square. For some time after our return our family connexion chiefly engrossed our time; but as soon as the first few weeks of our mourning had elapsed, and we began to appear abroad, our doors were of course open to our friends, and the necessary return of these visits of

ceremony, added to the superintendence of decorations for our new residence, which Montague was fitting up in a style of classic splendour properly suited to his fortune and rank, occupied a considerable portion of our time. Incessantly engaged in a round of visits abroad, or a perpetual succession of parties at home, in which the return of Lord Rathfarnham and other incidental circumstances involved us, I began to feel wearied of this routine of pleasure, and almost to languish for the revivifying sight of a green field and rural luxuries. I looked forward with impatience to the birth-day, immediately after which we proposed to go for a few weeks to Richmond, prior to our journey into Devonshire, where we had promised to pass the early months of summer. Lady Rathfarnham, then near her confinement with her fifth child, had not yet been presented as ambassadress on her return from the Russian Court, having hitherto

delayed it on account of indisposition ; but as this ceremony must inevitably take place before she left town for Wilton Abbey, she fixed it for her Majesty's drawing-room held on the King's birthday, and so much pressed me to accompany her *en train*, that although I had before determined not to visit St. James's till the expiration of my mourning for Lord Carloraine, I could not refuse to comply with her desire.

Lady Rathfarnham loved show, and on this occasion she went to court in a style of magnificence adapted to the high station which her Lord had held in Russia. Mourning however admits of so little decoration, that my dress necessarily presented but a gloomy contrast to the dazzling splendours of her appearance, and, simply habited in black velvet and diamonds, I accompanied her to St. James's, where her Ladyship, ever distinguished as a favourite, was now partially welcomed by the cordial smile of

Majesty. The King had been indisposed, and his first appearance for some time having been expected on this day, the drawing-room was unusually crowded. The doors had been kept closed for the purpose of keeping the room cool till her Majesty's entrance, but when, upon a signal from the Lord Chamberlain, they were at length thrown open, the pressure became so violent, particularly within the circle, that as soon as the ceremony of Lady Rathfarnham's presentation was over, I made my way to a window near the bottom of the room, scarcely able to respire from the excessive closeness of the atmosphere. The heat of the room, added to the weight of my velvet dress, oppressed me almost to fainting, and I was resting languidly against the window for air, when Lady Susan Somerset, the eldest daughter of the Duchess of Albemarle, who had accompanied us to Court, exclaimed, "Gracious Heaven! there's Lord May-



nooth behind us." For some months Lord Maynooth had escaped my recollection, so fully had it been occupied with other matters. I had not heard of his return to England, and, alarmed by her exclamation, I turned round and beheld him at my elbow! I know not how I felt; a sudden faintness came over me, the whole room appeared in a whirl, and I should infallibly have fallen upon the floor, had not somebody near me, perceiving me change colour, drawn me from the crowd, and supported me into the anti-chamber. The windows were open, and a cool breeze blowing from without, I was almost recovered, when Montague, alarmed at the report of my sudden indisposition, which had spread quickly through the circle, came in haste from the drawing-room to see what had happened.

Almost at the same moment Lord Maynooth, conjecturing the nature of my feelings, and pained by the emotions

which his presence had evidently occasioned, made his way through the crowd with a bottle of salts, which he had procured for my relief from some of the ladies in the drawing-room. Never can I forget his countenance when his eyes encountered Montague! a glow of the deepest scarlet flushed instantly over his face, but hastily recovering himself, with a promptitude of manner highly honourable to his heart, he pressed immediately forwards, and extending his hand gracefully, presented it to Lord Montague. Not a syllable was uttered by either, but the action itself spoke volumes! Montague, though possibly surprised, nevertheless met this cordial overture of his young antagonist with equal readiness, and unhesitatingly accepting his offered hand, their reconciliation was instantaneous, and probably marked with more interest than the real origin of their difference. The agitation which this incident, however gratifying, had thrown me

into, rendered me desirous of getting home immediately. I could with difficulty restrain my tears, and desiring Montague to make my excuses to Lady Rathfarnham, who was still detained in the circle, as soon as the carriage drew up I drove back to Cavendish Square, accompanied by Lady Susan. A splendid dinner party at Lord Rathfarnham's was to conclude the day, and I hoped, by leaving the drawing-room early, to obtain a quiet hour before I went to Berkeley Square. The drawing-room was not cleared till very late, and Lady Rathfarnham, who was unavoidably detained at Court, returned sinking with fatigue after her party were mostly assembled. Wearied out by a repetition of the same unnecessary questions, asked by hundreds of her acquaintance, in a hundred different ways, she had now a task somewhat different to perform at home; but dispirited with the exertion of the morning, having, as she affirmed,

nearly talked herself to death, she had scarcely strength to congratulate me upon the reconciliation between Montague and Lord Maynooth, the report of which had reached her in the Royal presence.

The next morning Lord Maynooth left his name at my door, with an inquiry after my health. This little incident afforded me infinite pleasure, for it incontestably proved that his conduct at St. James's was not merely from the sudden impulse of the moment, but the result of a deliberate conviction of his former error, and a few days afterwards their reconciliation was more strongly cemented; for at a ball at the Duchess of Albemarle's, where his Lordship was of the party, he purposely sought an opportunity of being particularly presented to me, and apologized for the alarm he had so unguardedly occasioned. He had taken some pains to procure this interview, as her Grace, with whom he had

previously held a long conference respecting it, informed me. He considered himself, he assured her, materially benefited by the reflections for which his long confinement had given him leisure, and he felt himself indebted to Montague for some abatement of his almost proverbial impetuosity. He candidly acknowledged the impropriety of his conduct respecting their duel; but, he added, that the forbearance and magnanimity of Lord Montague, through the whole affair, had afforded him an example which he should for the future proudly adopt. From this time we became not merely acquainted, but were even upon intimate visiting terms, and I must do Lord Maynooth the justice to declare, for it was on all hands allowed, that since his rencontre with Montague, the "state of Denmark" was much altered, and strikingly for the best.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A SHORT time afterwards we left town for Richmond: Lord and Lady Rathfarnham were already gone into Devonshire, and after a stay of a few weeks we purposed following them to Wilton Abbey. We found Mrs. Aylmer extremely ill, nearly deprived of the use of her limbs; she was occasionally moved about her apartments in a wheel-chair, and I heard, with regret, that she had not ventured down stairs for some time. An alarming change was perceptible in her personal appearance: she knew, she said, that she could not hold out much longer; and in some of their confidential interviews, she informed Montague that she had appointed him executor to her will. Aware of the trouble and inconvenience arising from

the connexion in which it would unavoidably involve him with the Aylmer family, Montague would gladly have been spared this irksome office, but, unwilling to distress our aged friend by opposing her wishes, he forbore to hint his dislike of the appointment, and as her heart had rested satisfied in the certainty of his accepting it, he promised, however reluctantly, to discharge the painful trust she had reposed in him. Lady Aylmer was going upon a visit into Carnarvonshire, where the Merediths were settled upon an estate of Sir Arthur's, but having by some means been apprized of Mrs. Aylmer's proposed distribution of her fortune, she had so tormented her with her "dear Margaret," that the old lady, roused into sarcasm by her determined perseverance, calmly asked her Ladyship's permission to consult her own inclination in the disposal of her property ; and, weary of the ungrateful theme, submissively begged

her to take herself back to London again, both her company and conversation being altogether disagreeable to her. Accustomed to such civil speeches from her offended relative, Lady Aylmer received her mandate of dismissal without any visible symptom of resentment; she obeyed it as soon as it suited her convenience to depart, but not until she had wrung, though somewhat tardily, from the "*widow's cruse*," a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of her journey into Carnarvonshire, from whence she proposed, for want of better amusement, or at least of the means of procuring it, to extend her visit into that part of the principality where Miss Margaret was still immured under the protection of her aunt Herbert. Margaret appeared to endure her confinement there with impatience; a few mountain 'Squires composed but a limited circle for the display of her attractive powers, and the marriage of her sister, under such fa-

vourable circumstances, added to the biting remembrance of indiscretion which might for ever preclude her own, excited in her bosom sentiments of envy and remorse. Her military lover, after a few pining letters movingly bewailing their cruel destiny, had gradually slackened his attention, and having by degrees prudently dropped all correspondence with her, was now become very warm in his addresses to a rich heiress in the north. Sir Edward also, during the late spring, had deeply angered his "*good aunt.*" Upon his first entrance into the Guards he had modestly contented himself with an humble curricule and a pair of grooms, which he soon exchanged for a fashionable barouche, with the indispensable appendage of an expensive set of horses. Mrs. Aylmer, however, bore it patiently, and aware of the contagious example of youthful folly, she refrained from expressing her displeasure at his new purchase; but

when in defiance of her known opinion on the subject, he openly appeared in the annual procession of the Whip Club, and the newspapers duly described the splendid equipage of the stylish Baronet, her wrath knew no bounds, and venting her anger in a torrent of spirited invective, she drove him from her presence, protesting that she would never give another shilling for the support of such wickedness, whilst the honest debts of his dead father remained unheeded and unpaid!

The perpetual recurrence of these domestic broils had entirely destroyed the equanimity of her temper, and as they became more frequent, her disposition became still more irritable; the slightest opposition to her wishes now offended her, and it was very hard, she said, that she, who had never had any children of her own to distress her, should be harassed in her old age by the indiscretion of those of others. Amidst these repinings, as her health declined, her

mind daily became less capable of exertion, and it is possible that, had not Montague prudently urged the necessity of dispatch to her solicitor, she would not at last have bequeathed her property as she had originally designed.—Fortunately however for the young Baronet, who dared not now show his face at Richmond, every thing was settled as to her testamentary bequests; and her will, properly executed, was finally placed in the hands of her solicitor, or it is probable that if a dread of the fatigue arising from a new arrangement had not deterred her from attempting it, she would have cancelled the former will, and left her estates for the endowment of national charities, rather than suffer the ungrateful relatives of her deceased husband to inherit any part of her property.

These domestic grievances, daily recapitulated, rendered our stay less pleasant than heretofore; but the time at

length arrived at which we had fixed to leave Richmond. We parted amidst abundance of tears on both sides, and, taking the road into Devonshire, on the next evening reached Wilton Abbey.— Lord Rathfarnham and the Countess were from home ; for, not apprized of the exact day of our arrival, they were gone for a few days upon a distant visit in the country. During their absence I found ample leisure to indulge in the endearing recollection of many happy years passed in Devonshire before. I had not been at Wilton Abbey for some time before my marriage, and as we now leisurely wandered over its ample demesne, and I retraced the dearly remembered scenes of early happiness, the virtues of the departed gratefully arose in my recollection, and I shed many a pensive tear over the memory of my revered mother. In these interesting rambles Lord Montague was my only companion, and, arm in arm, we ex-

explored together our well known haunts at a former period on the sea-shore; we rambled as formerly every evening amongst the cliffs, and when twilight at length brought us home from this favourite stroll, hallowed, as Montague phrased it, by the recollection of "ancient love makings," our literary acquaintance in the library claimed our grateful recognition. The place was kept up in the same style as formerly; no change, except from the indispensable addition of some few fashionable requisites, had taken place in its interior; the furniture remained in the same situation, and the tasteful arrangement of the library, fitted up many years since under the direction of Lady Carloraine, was most religiously preserved. The respect so apparent in every instance of his conduct to the memory of our beloved mother drew Lord Rathfarnham still more closely to my heart, and I anticipated with pleasure the grateful feelings of

Fortescue, when after the "long lapse of years" which has divided us, he shall return to his native country, and behold the home of our forefathers unaltered, the ties of fraternal affection unchanged!

Lord Rathfarnham returned to the abbey as soon as he was informed of our arrival, and the Countess, who travelled more slowly, followed him in the evening. We passed a delightful summer with them, and early in August Lord Rathfarnham and Montague accompanied Captain Garth, who had been staying a few weeks with us in Devonshire, to his brother's seat near Northallerton, for the purpose of grouse-shooting.

Lord Northallerton, Lady Rathfarnham's eldest brother, had been for some years a widower; and having recently lost his only son from a severe illness at Cambridge, this melancholy circumstance preyed so deeply on his mind that he could scarcely be prevailed upon to

leave the solitude in which he had latterly wholly buried himself, and Montague readily acceded to their proposition of going for a few weeks to enliven it. They had been gone something more than a fortnight, when Lady Rathfarnham and myself, taking advantage of their absence, volunteered a visit for a few days to our friend Dr. Grey. He was vegetating in his customary old bachelor-like style at his parsonage in the neighbourhood, busily occupied in the important care of his grapes and nectarines; but having so far succeeded as to lure him from his retreat to accompany us back to Wilton, we were one day upon our usual morning drive, courteously escorted by our venerable beau upon his equally venerable white horse, when we were suddenly recalled to the abbey by a letter from Sir Edward Aymer to announce the alarming indisposition of his aunt, and an earnest request for Lord Montague's immediate presence at Rich-

mond. I instantly dispatched an express to recall Montague out of Yorkshire, and would have hastened to Richmond to attend her myself, had not Lady Rathfarnham, aided by the eloquence of Dr. Grey, urged so many powerful arguments against it, that convinced of their justice I at length yielded my wishes, although I could with difficulty reconcile myself to this seeming desertion of my valued friend in her last moments. The distress of a death-bed scene, added to the fatigue of a long journey performed with extraordinary haste, might possibly have occasioned the demolition of my parental hopes, and it was more than probable that our revered friend would be released from her sufferings before I could possibly reach Richmond; it was therefore almost criminal to risk the safety of my promised blessing by indiscretion, and convinced of the propriety of these observations, I relinquished all thoughts of going to Richmond; but I

waited with no small anxiety for news from Montague, who fortunately arrived there in time to close her eyes. A temporary insensibility was the prelude to her departure ; but before her dissolution took place she had several lucid intervals, which she invariably employed in discoursing with him on the final settlement of her affairs, most of which remained as they had been arranged during our last visit ; and the near approach of death, lessening her former animosities, had rendered her more patient towards the offending part of her family. Lady Aylmer had visited her frequently since her return from Carnarvonshire ; and on some of these occasions, perceiving her altered disposition, she had ventured to bring her daughter Margaret, who, recently emerged from her solitude in North Wales, had brought back with her some portion of shame and sorrow for her past conduct, the salutary effects of her long seclusion with Mrs. Herbert.

Mrs. Aylmer, notwithstanding her present staid demeanour, gave her little credit, as it appeared, for any real alteration: she attributed her apparent amendment rather to the want of a more extensive sphere of action than to want of inclination to pursue her former follies; but having at her mother's earnest request vouchsafed her forgiveness, she once more, though with exceeding reluctance, admitted her to her presence. Margaret was at Richmond with her mother when Montague arrived, and in one of her confidential conversations Mrs. Aylmer earnestly besought him to take the charge of this recreant girl, at least so far as related to her pecuniary concerns. "I do not ask you," said she, "to entrench on your domestic comfort, nor do I ask you to harass my dear Frances by her society, but for my sake, and for the sake of my departed husband, I entreat you not to abandon her to infamy and disgrace. Lady Montague's

friendship alone saved her sister, and if she is really sorry for her past faults, it may also save her; it will at least calm my last moments to know that she will accord it to her, and if this comfort is deigned me I shall yet die in peace." Impressively as this request was made, Montague paused ere he finally acceded to it. The idea of any, and much more of such an intimate connexion with the Aylmer family, was of all others the most repugnant to his feelings; but aware of the solicitude with which our dying friend clung to this last hope, he at length quieted her mind by an assurance that he would accept the unwelcome office she had invested him with, in consequence of which a codicil in Margaret's favour was finally added to her will. Montague daily wrote me an account of all that passed, but implored me not to entertain a thought of leaving Wilton Abbey, in the vain hope of soothing the departing moments of my dying

friend, who having recently changed for the worst, not the smallest probability of her recovery remained. A total insensibility soon absorbed her faculties; but a few moments of recollection preceding her dissolution, in this interesting interval she breathed her last in Montague's arms.

Mrs. Aylmer, according to her previous desire, was interred without ostentation under a plain monument in Richmond Church, and as soon as the funeral was over Montague reluctantly entered upon the task which had devolved upon him. To Sir Edward Aylmer, as her proper heir, she gave the whole of her landed property, except the house at Richmond, which, as a memorial of her regard for my deceased mother, she affectionately bequeathed with its appendages to me. For Mrs. Meredith she had liberally provided on her marriage, a trifling legacy was therefore all that she now gave her; and passing over Lady

Aylmer already portioned by an ample jointure, though insufficient for her wants, she gave the residue of her possessions to her niece Margaret, in the event of her future marriage, but solely dependant on the express condition of Lord Montague's approbation of her conduct, in failure of which it reverted to a distant branch of her family.

Somewhat distressed by a clause so inimical to his feelings, Montague took an early opportunity of informing Miss Aylmer of its extent, and whatever else had passed respecting it in the last moments of her aunt; and in the presence of Lady Aylmer and Sir Edward, he apprized her of the conditional legacy bequeathed to her, and of his acceptance of the office of her guardian or trustee. He candidly confessed that this trust was most unwelcome to him; but in grateful remembrance of Mrs. Aylmer's early kindness to himself, he considered that he was bound, as he assured her, to

accede to her desire, and he should therefore most tenaciously discharge the duty she had imposed on him. Margaret listened with many tears whilst Montague, anxious for a proper understanding between them, entered at large into his expectations of the future rectitude of her conduct, upon which alone, he reiterated, depended his interference in her concerns. The condition of the legacy being left so wholly dependant upon his approbation, he professed, gave him much pain ; but, avowing his determination to adhere most religiously to the declared intention of the bequest, he added, that he hoped he should at no distant period have the happiness of resigning it unconditionally into her own power.

This clause was probably not very agreeable in its construction to Miss Aylmer, though evidently salutary in its operation ; for, assured that her interest depended upon Lord Montague's ap-

proval of her future conduct, she prudently resolved to secure it by persevering in her present rational habits, and looking forward in the hope of her respectability being in some measure retrieved by our united sanction, she with much humility expressed her resolution to deserve his good opinion, and as soon as the necessary forms of reading the will, &c. &c. had been gone through, she returned with her mother to London.

Montague staid at Richmond no longer than was requisite to settle the affairs confided to him. He retained such of the domestics as chose to continue in our service, but as the establishment unavoidably underwent some change, he left the vacancies to be filled up at leisure.

Business relative to other matters still kept him in town; but the first week in September brought Lord Rathfarnham back to the Abbey, accompanied by some sporting friends, whose devastation of

his hares and partridges bore ample testimony to their labours in the field. Vexed at Montague's absence when he had anticipated his society, and fearful lest the daily havoc of his game should leave him but little save the refuse of the sport, Lord Rathfarnham urged his return into Devonshire, and incited to it by the fidgetting impatience of my brother, I also began to count the hours till his return. At length towards the middle of September he arrived, and a weight of uneasiness seemed removed from my mind. Montague was well, but I fancied unusually serious; he met me with all his accustomed warmth of regard, but as I watched his countenance unobserved during the evening, I perceived it clouded with an air of deep thought, such as I had seldom remarked but when something of importance occupied his mind. I attributed this abstraction to the melancholy scene he had recently witnessed, and to the trial his

feelings had undergone by the death of his more than mother. It was natural that he should feel her loss most acutely, and I gave him credit for emotions which at that moment did not operate on his mind. A nearer and a dearer interest pressed heavily on his heart, and, utterly at a loss how to prepare me for the impending evil, Montague suffered the night to elapse without apprizing me of my fate. We were destined to part! a dreadful and indeterminate separation was already decided upon, and in the morning I gained by mere accident a knowledge of the misery that awaited me. Montague rose early, but the breakfast room was still empty when I descended to it nearly an hour afterwards. Our visitors were out upon a shooting party; the Countess was not yet visible; and supposing that Montague, as was his custom, had walked out to the stable-yard, I went to the library for a book to beguile the time till

breakfast. As I stepped lightly over the carpet, Montague's voice, speaking with impressive earnestness to Lord Rathfarnham, caught my attention, and I listened for a moment without power to advance a step—"I know not how to break it to her," said he, continuing their conversation as they stood in the bow-window with their backs towards me, "but something must be done immediately, I must be in town again by the twenty-fourth; *Moore* is already prepared for our co-operation, and every other consideration must be abandoned." I felt as if the hand of death was upon me: the words, "*Moore is prepared for our co-operation,*" struck upon my heart with agony, and the pensive cloud which hung over Montague the preceding evening was fully explained; for General Moore had long been his favourite companion in arms, and at this critical period had recently embarked for Spain, whither Montague's regiment was now

ordered to join him. With difficulty I moved towards a chair; the noise I made in reaching it quickly drew their attention, and my pale countenance and suffocating sighs soon informed them that their conversation had been overheard. Alarmed and distressed beyond expression, Montague vainly endeavoured to soothe me, while Lord Rathfarnham equally surprised, but less agitated, rang loudly for assistance. I was instantly removed to my apartment, and after an interval of some hours regained sufficient composure to appear again below. The presence of visitors naturally imposed a restraint upon my feelings, and, commanding some exertion of fortitude, I at length gained resolution to listen to all that Montague had to inform me on this dreadful subject. Measures for the aid of the suffering patriots in Spain had been resolved upon by the Cabinet of St. James's; and Sir John Moore, upon whom the command of the

British army in Portugal had devolved by the recall of the other commanders to England, to attend the inquiry instituted into their conduct after the disgraceful convention of Cintra, was ordered to effect a junction between the Spanish forces and those under his command. He received his appointment on the 6th October, at Lisbon; but six weeks before the British Government had determined to send an army into the North of Spain. A number of veteran troops had been appointed to this service, and in an arrangement so flattering to the feelings of Englishmen, the regiment of Montague had been particularly selected for its known bravery and experience.

From his acknowledged military talents Montague was destined to participate in the command, and he now waited only for the departure of the first division, which was still detained at Portsmouth, to accompany the second, to which he had been appointed. Deeply interested

in the cause of the oppressed Spaniards, and desirous to afford them every relief which the British arms could command, the Privy Council sat early and late for dispatch of business, and Montague's personal attendance on it was consequently hourly necessary: Our immediate departure from Wilton Abbey was therefore unavoidable, and with a heavy heart I once more bade adieu to the tranquil shades of Devonshire.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IN London all was bustle and preparation; but for my own part, sunk in grief and engrossed by my private affliction; I abandoned myself wholly to despair; while Montague, aware of the increased tenderness of my feelings, affectionately endeavoured to support me under this trial of my fortitude by every argument of consolation in his power to devise. A few days after our return he brought Captain Arden, whom he had accidentally met at the War-office, home to dine with him in Cavendish Square. Even the presence of a friend could not steal me from my sorrows, and my tears streamed in torrents as he kindly sympathized in my regrets. His regiment was also ordered upon the expedition, and was then on the march

for Portsmouth, whither he was then going to embark for Spain; and as he feelingly described the consonant grief of his sister at their distressing separation, my former promise to Marianne suddenly recurred to my recollection. I instantly determined to send for her out of Cornwall, that we might divide our sorrows, and mingle our tears together. Montague entirely approved this plan. To Miss Arden he was certain that it would be an agreeable relief, and in sharing Marianne's sorrow for the absence of her brother, he hoped that I should in some measure alleviate my own; and with this idea he encouraged me to hasten her visit. I wrote instantly to Marianne to prepare her for her removal, and, assured of her joyful acceptance of my invitation, I dispatched a confidential domestic with our travelling chaise and four, to bring her immediately to London. Marianne lost no time in accomplishing her journey;

for, buried in the deep solitude of a country mansion, situated near the sea side in one of the wildest and most distant parts of Cornwall, she had been long anxiously anticipating the arrival of my invitation, and when she had taken leave of her Cornish cousins, and finally beheld herself upon the high road to London again, her joy knew no bounds: her sorrow for the departure of her brother partly gave way to these pleasurable emotions, and for the first few days after her arrival, she laughed and cried alternately.

Marianne is unaltered both in person and manner; she has I fear given but little of her time to her promised studies, and a sort of *mauvaise honte* still hangs over her, somewhat increased as I have perceived by her residence in Cornwall. Her cousins, though immensely rich, are neither accomplished, nor of refined habits, and she has for the last twelve months been doing little more than run-

ning wild about the country, with a monthly assembly at Penzance, as the uttermost boundary of her expectations. Thus far I have learnt in the little conversation we have as yet held on the subject; for my thoughts are now so entirely engrossed by Montague, that I have neither leisure or inclination to lend myself to any thing else. He has scarcely an instant which he can call his own; the house is in a continual bustle, and our weary porter never at rest: our breakfast table in a morning is a perfect levee. Commissaries, officers going with dispatches, some attached to regiments already sailed, others going to sail, with the addition of persons upon private business, so incessantly besiege our doors, that Montague is wholly occupied by them; whilst the agonizing certainty that every hour which passes over me is still abridging my term of happiness, wrings my heart with anguish, and drives

me from his presence to misery and despair!

A few days now only intervene before his departure for Spain; I have wept, I have implored him to suffer me to accompany him to Portsmouth, and remain there till he sails, but hitherto without avail. At that moment he tells me his country has superior claims. Firm and resolutely conscientious in the discharge of his public duty, he denies me this last comfort, nor will he even listen to my solicitations on the subject; and all the consolation I can now look forward to is his grateful approbation of my acquiescence with his will. This dreadful separation destroys all my fortitude: May Heaven in its mercy support me through it! May the same gracious Providence restore him to my aching heart.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

1808.

THE dreadful crisis of my suffering is arrived, and Montague at this moment is actually preparing to depart. In a few hours he sets out for Portsmouth. Although in calmer moments I could not endure even the idea of a passing breath that should dim his glory, yet in the paroxysm of agonized feelings which now distract me, I have cast myself at his feet and implored, urged him, by every dear and tender tie to forego the command, nay even to relinquish the high station which he now holds in the British army! Driven almost to frenzy in the wild bitterness of my despair, I have industriously recalled his former sufferings to his mind; I have childishly conjured up every possible scene of

horror for his annoyance, and painted all the wretchedness of my fate, should he unhappily fall a sacrifice in the dreadful conflict for which he is now preparing; but, wrapt in the proud consciousness of British heroism, Montague smiles at the terrors which distract my throbbing heart, and, inflexible in the discharge of what he believes to be his duty, I have knelt and wept in vain!

“ War has its charms terrific : far and wide
When stands the embattled host in banner'd pride,
O'er the vex'd plain when the shrill clangors run,
And the long phalanx glitters in the sun ;
When now no dangers of the dreadful day
Mar the bright scene, or break its firm array,
Full oft too rashly glows with fond delight,
The youthful breast, and asks the future fight ;
Nor sees that Horror's form, a spectre wan,
Stalks yet unseen along the gleamy van ! ”

Sedulously attentive to whatever may conduce to tranquillize my mind, he has studied every arrangement for my comfort during his absence. God grant that our separation may not be long! for where can I find comfort while Mon-

tague is in danger? My boding heart throbs with sensations hitherto unknown, the situation in which he leaves me renders our parting more dreadful; but with a tenderness peculiar to himself he tries to laugh away my fears: "A soldier's wife," he tells me, "should never want courage." Alas! the wife of Montague should indeed be a *heroine*.

CHAPTER XL.

" I go assured—my life, adieu !
Where thundering cannons rattle,
And murd'ring carnage stalks in view :
Assured that on the wings of love
To Heaven above thy fervent orisons are flown.
The tender prayer thou put'st up there
Will call a guardian angel down,
To watch me in the battle !"

ALL is over, Montague has sailed, and yet I exist ! The troops were in the harbour two days after the embarkation, waiting for a wind. Oh ! how my sick heart cherished the vain hope of their departure being finally countermanded ; but the wind at length served, and on Thursday the last division of the expedition got under way. Tenderly indulgent to my earnest request, Montague gave to me the last hour he remained in sight of land ; his letter is at this instant the melancholy tenant of

my bosom, and never, should *he* fall, shall it leave me but with life.

I shall immediately remove to Richmond, *here* I cannot stay; for every individual I meet tortures me with inquiries, and every object I behold only reminds me of my loss: till I can again hear from Montague I shall fly from the world, and bury myself in solitude. Miss Arden's journey, and new objects, for a few days dried *her* tears, but Montague's departure has renewed her griefs; and, awakened to the remembrance of her lonely situation, should any accident befall her brother, she sits weeping by my side, and shares with me the sorrows she can in a lesser degree appreciate. Adieu! I shall resume my pen when I am somewhat more composed.

CHAPTER XLI.

Richmond, November 1808.

I HAVE been at Richmond the last six weeks, and this place, which I had not before visited since the death of my venerable friend, inspired me on my first arrival with a deeper sense of grief.—The sight of the hatchment over the hall door, as we drove up the avenue, recalled a thousand tender recollections to my mind, and occasioned such a burst of sorrow as wholly subdued the little tranquillity I had yet regained. Most of the domestics, as well as the regulation of the establishment, remain as formerly, so that could I divest myself of the painful remembrance of my double loss, I might at Richmond be more at ease. Of all places Richmond is most congenial to my present feelings; amidst its tran-

quill shades I passed my earliest hours of wedded happiness, and here, should Heaven so ordain it, will I shelter my widowed heart!

The walks in the plantations now possess little beauty; but where I have so frequently wandered in days of happier promise, with friends deeply endeared to my tenderest recollection, I still linger for hours, unmindful of the chilling blast, as it scatters myriads of the falling leaves on my solitary path, and when the increasing deariness of a late autumnal evening drives me back again to my cheerless home, scarcely an object fails to recall them with added interest to my pensive thoughts.

Mrs. Aylmer died in her dressing-room, an apartment which I have yet wanted courage to enter; so powerfully would the sight of many articles of her well remembered use unnerve my slender fortitude. With that restlessness of mind which not unfrequently marks the

last hours of fading mortality, she had, in one of the intervals of sense which preceded her dissolution, insisted upon being removed to it, and placed in an upright position in her arm-chair; but unable to sustain even the motion of this desired change, the fatigue suddenly overpowered her, and almost without a sigh she expired in Montague's arms.

Although I removed hither as soon as the hurry of Montague's departure had subsided, I have as yet admitted no society, and, dead to every hope but of his safety, here I still vegetate in anxious solicitude for intelligence from Spain. Absorbed in this predominant hope, I have little inclination to turn my thoughts to other subjects, and at this crisis Miss Arden of all others is precisely the companion best adapted to my frame of mind; for her presence neither restrains my sorrow, or distresses me by a necessity of exerting myself to entertain her. Day after day I sit for hours impatiently wait-

ing the arrival of foreign letters, whilst others less interesting lie unthought of and unperused; but when at length they arrive, and the exertions of our brave troops, eloquently detailed in the impressive language of my beloved Montague, inspire me with a transient feeling of confidence in the result, a gleam of sunshine seems to invigorate the slumbering faculties of my soul, and I shed over his welcome letters tears of the tenderest transport!

Marianne feelingly participates in my anxiety, she has received but one letter since her brother reached Spain: he has been ordered into the interior, where communication is more difficult; but Montague, who occasionally hears of him, never fails to recount all he learns for the gratification of his sister. The solitude which at present seems to be our mutual choice has latterly afforded Marianne more leisure for application; and for the last few weeks she has so far

conquered her habitual indolence, as to betake herself most assiduously to her promised studies. How long this industrious humour will continue I can form no probable conjecture, but, with the occasional assistance of superior talents, I think it still possible for her to redeem some of the many advantages she has lost by her inattention. Her knowledge on most subjects is so entirely superficial, that her views of society are consequently very confined, and this I consider as in some measure the cause of that irritability of feeling, which sent her from India in a fit of mistaken anger, a voluntary alien from the prospect of promised happiness, and a wandering exile from all her near connexions!

Her father's sister, who is married in the East, still lives there, as I understand, in a style of singular magnificence. Mr. Delme, the *ci-devant* betrothed of Miss Arden, it seems, is related to the husband of this lady; and notwithstanding her

vaunted indifference to Indian affairs, Marianne, I still fear, gives many a stolen sigh to the remembrance of her absent lover. Sometimes, when we have talked over the wild procedure of her voyage to England, she weeps from the impulse of self-accusation, and the next moment, when her feelings have been roused by the supposition of her lover's neglect, she declares with all the passionate enthusiasm of the moment, that were it possible for her to behold him that instant at her feet, she would reject with disdain all his vows of future constancy ! I smile at this magnanimous resolution of my young friend, as the "tale of other times" crosses my conscious recollection; but I much fear that she will never be exposed to this arduous trial. She has now been resident nearly eighteen months in England, and not a syllable has yet transpired respecting her Asiatic friends.

Her aunt, with whom Mr. Delme, I learn, is a particular favourite, has been

too deeply offended by her conduct to be reconciled without difficulty, and a spirit of female pride has hitherto prevented all attempts on her part to conciliate her angry relative, lest her contrition should be placed to the account of Mr. Delme. Captain Arden wrote to this lady to apprise her of his mother's death, but his communication, I believe, is as yet unanswered; and should any fatal accident deprive her of her brother, Marianne has not another family connexion under whose protection she could feel at ease. Her Cornish friends, though well-meaning, are not the sort of persons to make their home by any means an eligible residence for a young woman circumstanced as Miss Arden; and, reared amidst the enervating splendours of the East, she would feel most severely the deprivation of many luxuries to which she has been accustomed, and which her habits of personal indolence have in some sort rendered necessary to her. I lec-

ture her incessantly on the necessity of mental exertion, and, in compliance with my wishes on this subject, she laughingly assures me that she will endeavour to learn to *think*. Sometimes we become quite serious, and when provoked by her inattention I reason with her upon the folly of wasting years of valuable leisure in such frivolous pursuits as usually engross her mind, I succeed for a time in conquering her indolence, by rousing her pride into some exertion of her understanding. The effect however will, I fear, be but transient, and notwithstanding all my efforts to accomplish a change, I am apprehensive that Marianne, with abundance of good qualities and a most affectionate heart, will never attain more than a very limited knowledge of the world and its indispensable requisitions.

CHAPTER XLII.

NOVEMBER, "dull, dreary, dark November," still hangs over us, but a ray of comfort has enlightened the deep gloom of this wintry season.—The British forces entered Salamanca on the 18th, and yesterday I received letters from Montague, to inform me of his present station, and continued welfare.—They are, however, in hourly expectation of an engagement with the enemy; every thing is in active preparation for the measure, though our brave troops endure privations almost unparalleled in the annals of military suffering. Fresh detachments are ordered to reinforce the troops now in Spain, and a regiment of dragoons, lately stationed at Canterbury, are already on the march to embark at Deal for their destination. Nothing can

equal my anxiety; my feelings are indescribable. May you, my sister, never experience a similarity of sensation! I must break off, for collectedly I cannot write!—

December, 1808.

THE Aylmers are now at Richmond; they have been here for the last fortnight: Lady Aylmer, who has been staying with Mrs. Meredith in Carnarvonshire, returned to town late in November, and, learning that I was at Richmond, came immediately upon a visit of ceremony, though she dared not, as she informed me, intrude Miss Aylmer until she knew whether I chose to receive her. Margaret, she assured me, was much altered, and exceedingly desirous to be admitted to my favour. It appears that Lord Montague's avowed determination to abide by the literal intention of her aunt's bequest has operated most powerfully upon the conduct

of this young lady ; and his wholesome, but certainly very severe, explanation of the terms upon which alone he meant to fulfil the office of her trustee, has rendered her somewhat cautious of giving him any offence. With Lady Aylmer's positive assurance of her contrition, and the hope that in reality she was become more deserving, I did not affect an ungracious distance towards her ; but, wishing to assist in some degree to redeem her tarnished fame by affording her my countenance, I extended to her the invitation I had previously given her mother, from motives of respect to the situation in which they now stand with Montague. Two days afterwards her Ladyship and the fair penitent arrived. Margaret certainly is much improved, this the most prejudiced of her enemies cannot but acknowledge ; although she still sometimes forgets the sober character she has assumed, and a spirit of levity occasionally breaks forth : in my pre-

sence, however, she is strictly upon her guard, and a single glance is sufficient to check her sallies, though she cannot entirely divest herself of the coquette.

CHAPTER XLIII.

ANOTHER fortnight has elapsed.—My visitors have left Richmond, and I have once more heard from Montague. He is still well, at least he tells me so; but I have gathered from the report of others, that the sufferings of the soldiery are extreme and incredible. Their duty is dreadfully severe; forced marches amidst the mountains render the service most harassing, and a general want of almost every article of comfort, or even clothing, renders it still more distressing. Montague will not complain, but he must inevitably share their privations as equally as their dangers.

The troops which have been recently ordered to Spain were all got on board and waiting for the wind, when they were countermanded at the moment that it

served for their departure, and have since received orders to disembark. By intelligence which I occasionally gain from high authority, I learn that transports have been ordered out for the purpose of bringing the troops back from Spain. I cannot penetrate the mystery of this extraordinary procedure; for of their return there seems not at present the smallest probability, at least I fear so.

Miss Arden has received a second letter from her brother; he too is well, but placed in a post of considerable danger, in a detached station in Andalusia, and much harassed by the frequency of flying skirmishes with the enemy. Mari-
anne was extremely uneasy till she received it; but a singular and very agreeable adventure, which has recently befallen her, has in some measure withdrawn her from her regrets upon his account. She had been anxiously, almost childishly busy for some days in the construction of an ornamented work-basket,

and, wanting some decorations for it, we one morning, almost a week since, drove to town to purchase them. We had devoted the whole of the morning to shopping, and I was just stepping into the carriage at the door of a fashionable shop in Bond Street to return home to dinner, when Miss Arden, who was already seated in it, uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and, with her head out of the window, looked anxiously into the street. The footman put up the step, the door was closed, and the carriage had rattled over the pavement into Piccadilly, before I could obtain from her an answer to my inquiries. She believed she had seen Mr. Delme!—She thought, she was *sure* it was him; and she, who but a few days before was courageously determined to drive him from her heart, now shed torrents of tears over this fancied glance of her faithless lover. I endeavoured to calm her agitation by representing the improbability of the circumstance. “She

did not at all care about him," she said; "but it was so mortifying, so truly provoking, to be so very near, and not even to be seen by him." And whilst she continued to protest her perfect indifference about him, her streaming eyes and sobbing voice most eloquently confirmed the sacred truth of her assertion! For the remainder of the day Marianne could not be persuaded but that she had seen her former lover, though for my own part I looked upon it as the mere chimaera of fancy. I considered the circumstance as scarcely probable, for in such a multitudinous assemblage as London daily presents, a similarity of countenance might easily have deceived her; she, however, could not abandon the idea, she still believed she had really beheld Mr. Delme, and under this impression she continued to reiterate her former vows of indifference, when one morning, having left her deep in the formidable task of answering her brother's letter for

the next dispatches, I walked into the garden. As I approached the willow-walk, I observed a stranger, a young man, extremely gentlemanly-looking, who had evidently entered from curiosity by the gate from the river-path. He touched his hat as I approached, and, apologizing for his intrusion, said that, having found the gate open by the water-side, the beauty of the grounds had tempted him to enter. I prayed him to pass on and gratify his curiosity, assuring him that his inspection of the gardens would do them honour. I left him to his observation, and continued my stroll, till, chilled by the frosty air, I bent my steps towards the house again, and, entering the breakfast-parlour, found the stranger seated by the fire in familiar converse with Marianne. He instantly recognized me, and I was at no loss for the motive of his further intrusion, when Miss Arden with an arch smile introduced him as Mr. Delme!

Marianne had been correct in her conjecture, for it was actually Mr. Delme whom she had seen in Bond Street, and it afterwards appeared that he had also seen her; but, unable to decide with any certainty from this passing glance of her being in reality the fair fugitive whom he was then seeking, he jumped into a hackney coach, and ordered it to follow our carriage till it stopped, in the hope of gaining a perfect view of her when she alighted. In this pursuit he was driven after us to Richmond, but there his scheme was rendered abortive, for the carriage suddenly turning into the avenue through the plantation, he could devise no plausible excuse for following us into the private grounds, and, thus foiled in his pursuit, he drove back to London exceedingly disappointed. He could not, however, divest himself of the idea that it was Miss Arden whom he had seen; and, determined at all events to remove his doubts upon the

subject, in a day or two he came to Richmond again. He passed the day in loitering about the neighbourhood, and making every possible inquiry that could tend to satisfy his anxiety. He readily discovered to whom the house and grounds where he had seen the carriage enter belonged, and as readily ascertained that I had a young friend then staying with me; but it was supposed to be Miss Aylmer, who was no stranger, and who, it was well known in the neighbourhood, had recently been visiting me. Not entirely satisfied with this account, but still at a loss how to prosecute his inquiry farther, Mr. Delme vaguely continued his wanderings about the neighbourhood, and accidentally discovering the gate by the water-side, which led from the river steps, where a pleasure-boat was usually moored for our summer excursions, he entered the gardens without hesitation, and pursuing his stroll came immediately into the

grounds into which he had before so vainly sought admittance. In consequence of the permission which I had given him in our accidental rencontre, he advanced boldly towards the house, and almost at the moment when hope seemed to have deserted him, all doubts as to Miss Arden's identity were fortunately at an end; for Marianne, deeply engaged in writing to her brother, was sitting in the bow-window exactly before him, and he had full leisure to contemplate her countenance before he attempted to call her attention to himself. A slight movement on the gravel-walk readily drew her notice, and, uttering an exclamation of surprise and joy, Marianne in an instant met him in the garden.

All her cares now seemed to be at an end; in the short hour that had elapsed before my return Mr. Delme had effectually convinced her of his unalterable regard, and her former magnanimous resolutions were forgotten. This

short period had been amply sufficient for reciprocal explanation; and Delme having followed her to England to reclaim her affection, all apprehensions of his future constancy seemed wholly annihilated; she gave her sorrows to the winds, and for the succeeding days not a thought of sadness interrupted her gaiety; her books were tossed aside, the magnificent work-basket was entirely forgotten, and, till the recollection of her brother's danger again deluged her in tears, not a thought but of India and happiness occupied her mind! She has lost no time however in transmitting this agreeable information to Captain Arden, and Mr. Delme has also written to him upon the same subject. Mr. Delme is a very intelligent young man; he was educated in England, and is certainly superior to most of his contemporaries in the East: without being strikingly gifted with personal attractions, he is extremely gentlemanly in his manners, and appears to possess

that sort of independent spirit which will effectually restrain Marianne from future folly, by necessarily subjecting her to the direction of his stronger judgment; this his conduct has already fully evinced, and I consider him as of all others the most likely to ensure her happiness. Unused to the society of women of high mental capacity, he appears scarcely aware of any deficiency in his fair intended. In India, where there are so few opportunities of comparison, she will appear to more advantage than in England, and the little knowledge she has acquired since her residence here, added to her undoubted taste in personal decoration, will gratify his vanity by giving her a distinction upon her return, which she would in vain seek for here.

Upon his first arrival in England some months since, Mr. Delme bent his course to Lemmington, where the letter of Captain Arden, written to announce his mother's death to their relatives in India,

had in some measure directed him ; but all traces of the object of his search were there lost, for although it was known that Miss Arden was in my care, no person there was aware that Montague was other than Colonel Elliott ; and having vainly searched the Army List to ascertain Colonel Elliott's situation and appointments, his adverse fate carried him to Edinburgh, where a regiment to which a Colonel Elliott was attached was at that period in quarters. This gentleman however disclaimed all knowledge of Lemmington, or the fair object of his inquiry, and after a stay of some weeks in the metropolis of the north, Mr. Delme retraced the road to England ; and, finding at the army agent's that Captain Arden was in Spain, he next made a tour of the fashionable watering places, at some of which he vainly hoped he might find the fugitive Marianne. Time wore away, and his search still continuing unsuccessful, he

began to doubt whether, wholly forgetful of all her former affection, Marianne might not possibly have given her hand to another. This idea, which before had not occurred to him, he now fancied might account for the ill success he had hitherto met with, and under this impression he believed that he might have been seeking, as Miss Arden, her who now probably bore another appellation. As winter approached he regularly frequented every public place in London, but the form of Marianne never once gladdened his sight; and convinced that he had now lost every trace of her, he reluctantly abandoned the hopes which had brought him to England, and had actually engaged his passage to India, by a ship which sails in March, when he so unexpectedly discovered her in my carriage at the door of a jeweller's shop in Bond Street.

Mr. Delme holds a lucrative situation at Calcutta, and his leave of absence

from it being now nearly expired, he is in consequence extremely anxious for the return of Captain Arden. He has positively assured Marianne that he will not return from his pilgrimage without her; and, if I guess right, she will feel little hesitation in rewarding him for his gallantry. I am, however, very desirous of her brother's concurrence: an event of such importance, under such circumstances, requires the sanction of our nearest friends; and although convinced of his approbation of the match, I could scarcely feel justified should it take place in his absence. Since this fortunate éclaircissement Mr. Delane has passed the principal part of his time with us at Richmond; he has but few intimate connexions in this country, and having dispatched the business which at first kept him more at the India House, he has for the last few days broken our solitary *tête-à-tête* by the addition of his society.

CHAPTER XLIV.

I BEGIN to grow most impatient for intelligence from Spain; no letters from Montague have lately arrived; although some have been received in town with information that Sir John Moore had drawn up his army in order to attack the enemy, but that, after vainly pressing them to an engagement, they had removed to some other situation. What can this protracted silence of Montague portend?—He was well when the dispatches came away, *that* I am assured of; for Captain Garth has ascertained this fact to relieve my torturing fears. This estimable young man is in kindness almost a brother to me. 'From him I learned, with some difficulty, that an engagement is hourly expected by Government. Fresh reinforcements from dif-

ferent regiments are ordered to join those now in Galicia, and the troops are embarking at Ramsgate with the utmost activity and dispatch. Transports with another brigade of the Guards are already in the Downs, of which General Campbell has recently left town to take the command. The remainder of the troops are going by forced marches to Portsmouth, and Heaven only can guess at the result! God grant it may be favourable!

Dispatches are at length arrived from Sir John Moore at Toro, but not a single line yet from Montague. "General Moore is about to form a junction with General Sir David Baird, and the troops under the command of Lord Montague, at Lugo." This is the answer I have this instant received from the Secretary at War. Pity my sick heart!

CHAPTER XLV.

January, 1809.

AT length my anxiety is in some measure relieved by letters from Montague, who is safe, though suffering as he reluctantly acknowledges much of the inconvenience of this harassing campaign. Of the severity of this "inconvenience" I am perfectly well convinced; for, entirely regardless of his personal ease when considerations of more importance should occupy his mind, Montague would not think of inconvenience, were his sufferings not extreme. The camp equipage and superfluous clothing of the officers have all been unhesitatingly relinquished for the relief of the sick and wounded, and to the comforts of a bed he confesses himself a stranger; whilst amidst all these privations I, gracious Heaven! I, the

creature of his bounty, the pampered object of his tenderest cares, nursed in the lap of splendour, and pillowed upon beds of down, have dozed away my hours in ease and fastidious luxury, while Montague, my beloved Montague, exposed to all the perils of a damp and chilling atmosphere, has thankfully reposed his weary limbs on the cold ground, and slept unsheltered and unprotected, save by the dewy arch of Heaven.

To detail at large the horrors which I am hourly hearing is a task I cannot attempt; the papers which I shall hereafter enclose will give you some idea of the state of my mind at this crisis; for the British forces have been for some days retreating nearly in sight of the enemy; and the impatience of the soldiery, rendered desperate by intoxication, (which is not the least evil their Commander has to contend with), for an engagement, is incredible. Sick, wounded,

and enduring all the miseries of a march through the deep snows which partially covered the mountainous region of Monte del Cabreo, in their route towards Lugo, and in which the beasts that drew them, according to the account of an eye-witness, failed at every step, and were left in their waggons to perish amidst the snows; their way marked by the wretched people who on all sides lay expiring from fatigue and severity of the cold, their bodies reddening in spots the white surface of the frozen ground; the men feeling disgusted by the disgrace of their retreat, or, as they term it, running away from the enemy, are in a state of desperation almost approximating to mutiny! A few hours pause, an opportunity of encountering the French face to face, even knee-deep amidst the snow, and in the dreadful state to which the lamentable supineness of the Spanish, added to the want of food and other necessities, had

reduced them, were all which the British forces seemed to desire ; and, incited to the commission of every variety of excess that the plundered state of the country would admit of, the predominant sentiment of revenge seemed to animate every heart.

In this passage over the mountain, a Portuguese bullock-driver, who had faithfully served the English from the first day of their march, was seen on his knees amid the snow, with his hands clasped, dying in the attitude and act of prayer ! He had at least the hopes and actual consolation of religion in his parting hour. The soldiers who threw themselves down to perish by the way side gave utterance to far different feelings with their dying breath : shame and strong anger were their last sentiments, and their groans were mingled with imprecations upon the Spaniards, by whom they fancied themselves betrayed, and their General, who, as they asserted,

rather let them die like beasts, than take their chance in the field of battle.

That no horror might be wanting, women and children accompanied this army; some were frozen to death in the baggage waggons, which were broken down, or left upon the road for want of cattle; some died of fatigue and cold, their infants frozen at the breast! One wretched creature, taken in labour upon the mountain, laid herself down at the foot of an angle rather more sheltered than the rest of the way from the icy sleet which drifted along, where she was shortly found dead, and her two newborn babes struggling for life in the snow. A blanket was thrown over her to hide her from sight, all the burial which could be afforded, and the infants given in charge to a woman who came up in one of the bullock carts, little likely as it was that they should survive through such a journey.

Dreadful as this march was to those

who could behold the wreck of the army strewing its line of road, it was perhaps still more so to those who traversed it in a night, stormy and dark, wading through snow, stumbling over the bodies of beasts and men, and hearing, whenever the wind abated, the groans of those whose sufferings were not yet terminated by death.

Amongst the many memorable circumstances attending this retreat, there is one which for the honour of humanity should not be omitted. An officer, who found himself utterly unable to proceed farther without rest, turned aside to shelter under some trees at a little distance from the road, thinking he might possibly escape the French under their cover. He found a woman there, lying on the ground, with an infant beside her; she was at the point of death, having only strength to say, when he attempted to assist her, "God bless you! it is all over." He took the infant,

fastened it in its mother's handkerchief to his back, and in that manner, as soon as he had strength to move on, proceeded on the way towards Vigo, obtaining food and shelter as he could upon the road, for himself and his burden. Fortunately he reached Vigo safely, and found a transport in the Bay, on board of which he effected his escape. The child whom he thus preserved continues with him, and he has declared that, be his fortunes what they may, they shall be shared by this boy, who seems to have been bequeathed by Providence to his protection.*

* Edinburgh Annual Register, 1808.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MERCIFUL God, support me under this arduous trial! Benavente has been burned! the town completely sacked by the French; men, women, and children, indiscriminately butchered by these monsters in human form! And in this savage massacre the whole of the English prisoners have fallen a sacrifice to their licentious fury. Astorga was threatened with the same dreadful fate, but the British army happily effected their retreat to Corunna on the evening of the eleventh, and Montague and General Beresford are now in possession of the rocky heights over Burgos, from which place his letter is dated, and which they are hastily fortifying, and investing with all their force, in hourly expectation of some decisive engage-

ment. Gracious Heaven! will there be no termination to his fatigues? No cessation from the labours of this dangerous profession? Harassed for years by a succession of foreign service in which he has ever unshrinkingly engaged, Montague's health I am convinced must fall a victim at the shrine of glory, and that country, to which he unhesitatingly devotes himself, be eventually deprived of one of its best and brightest ornaments!

CHAPTER XLVII.

ALL is over! The campaign is at an end, and Montague is safe! My feelings are indescribable; my heart throbs even to agony with joy, and I fly from congratulation to share my transports with you! I am not now collected enough to give you the interesting particulars, but I will detail them hereafter as I become more tranquil.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

January 25, 1809.

" Full on the daring foe he hurls his fires,
Performs the dread behest, and in the flash expires :
But not his fame—for chiefs who bleed.
For sacred duty's holy meed,
With glory's amaranthine wreath
By weeping Victory crown'd in death,
In history's awful page shall stand
Foremost amidst th' heroic band ! "

THE Honourable Captain Gordon arrived yesterday with dispatches, announcing the important event of this long expected engagement. The attack, according to these accounts, began on the fourteenth, but the French were repulsed. It was renewed on the sixteenth about three miles from Corunna, and after a hard-fought and most gloriously contested action, in which the achievements of British heroism were beyond credibility, the battle ended.

with the entire repulse of the French army, and the English troops effected their retreat into the citadel, whither their gallant Commander, who had been mortally wounded in the early part of the action, had been carried barely time enough to receive his last sighs! Independent of this afflicting event the loss of the English is inconsiderable, compared with that of the French; but the savage butcheries of these monsters exceed all belief. The British, although worn out by fatigue and the distressing privations which they had previously undergone in a country where, under the dominion of their vindictive enemy, even a draught of simple water must be purchased by the sword, fought like lions; and, though absolutely reeling like men intoxicated, from the effects of weakness and indisposition, still fired off their musquetry upon the enemy, who, reinforced by incredible hordes as their sanguinary leaders were killed off, num-

bered at least ten to one in competition with the British. Fourteen hundred of the finest cavalry horses, literally starved to death for want of forage, had their throats cut before the action! Of the affectionate regrets of the former owners of those noble animals, sympathy may assist you to form some idea; but imagination cannot picture the frenzied feelings of our brave troops, when the dreadful intelligence reached them that twelve hundred of their faithful comrades, British soldiers of different regiments, who overpowered by fatigue had dropped upon the march from Benavente, had been deliberately butchered in cold blood by the advanced guard of these sanguinary monsters! Amidst all the horrors of these bloody scenes, by the favour of a gracious Providence, my beloved Montague is still safe; Sir David Baird has suffered the amputation of an arm, but Sir John Moore is lost

to his sorrowing country for ever! This brave, though perhaps in some respects mistaken commander, was mortally wounded in the onset of the action. Wrapped in a blanket he reluctantly suffered himself to be carried into the citadel, where, as long as sense remained, his last hours were passed in dictating the arrangements which secured the masterly retreat of the British army, and ultimately disappointed the hopes of their revengeful enemy. He survived this melancholy event but a few hours; and, circumstances arising from the exigencies of the case, rendering it wholly impossible to remove his honoured remains in safety, he was carefully wrapped in his military cloak, and with two others of his brave companions, fallen in the same glorious cause, buried at midnight, in one grave, amidst the blazing ruins of the citadel of Corunna, attended by all the General officers on this fatal expe-

dition; the solemn office of burial of the dead being undauntedly performed over their remains, under the vindictive discharge of the enemy's heavy artillery.

CHAPTER XLIX.

AT length all my terrors are over, and Montague is arrived. He landed from the *Endymion* frigate, which came into Portsmouth early on Thursday, and in the evening I once more had the happiness of clasping him to my heart! But, gracious Heaven! how changed! pale, thin, and emaciated, he is worn to a perfect skeleton by anxiety and fatigue, and rest and comfort only can restore him to his former self. A trembling impatience, under which I could not longer content myself at Richmond, carried me early to London in the uncertain hope of meeting him. Late in the evening he arrived.

Almost agonized with expectation, I listened in breathless hope to every passing carriage that approached during the day, and when at length towards

midnight a hired chaise drove rapidly to the door, and I caught the welcome sound of his loved accents in the hall, I rushed to the stairs, and sunk motionless in his arms! Early the next morning we returned to Richmond; quietness and comfort are absolutely necessary to his present existence, and here we shall remain till he feels desirous of more society.

I glory in my country! I venerate the sentiment which sent thousands of her brave sons to the relief of the suffering patriots! But amidst all the splendid attributes with which his exertions have in part graced her annals, amidst all the brilliant triumphs which mark the military fame of Montague, the wife still trembles with agony at the relation of his personal suffering, and, almost sickening with horror, shrinks from the remembrance of the danger he has been exposed to!

As long as it served, Montague shared

his wardrobe as well as his purse, with his more necessitous brother soldiers, and when he at length landed at Portsmouth he scarcely possessed a single article, but the deranged habit in which he returned. Of his former well-appointed wardrobe not a solitary vestige is remaining, and amidst all the tears which his past perils sometimes excite, I cannot refrain from smiling when the shorn honours of his tattered hat and weather-beaten uniform present themselves to my recollection. Dress-makers, boot-makers, and in short military-accounterers of all descriptions, are put in active requisition for his immediate re-equipment, and during this busy interval we have closed our doors against all intruders on our domestic comfort.

Miss Arden, in defiance of the piercing cold, and her former indolent habits, wanders undauntedly through the frozen plantations with Mr. Delme; while for my own part, watching for hours by the

sofa on which Montague calmly reposes, I anxiously contemplate the change in his wasted form, or catch the grateful glance which beams so eloquently from his speaking eye, and shed tears of tender transport that he is restored to my anxious heart.

Captain Arden is not yet arrived, although Montague believes he is upon the passage; we are in hourly expectation of his return, and Marianne looks forward to it with the utmost solicitude, for she is now busily preparing for her quickly approaching nuptials. Mr. Delme's departure cannot be delayed, and as she has entirely forgotten her protestations of indifference, she neither raises, or seeks to raise, an objection to accompany him back to Calcutta. Every thing is already settled for this desirable event, and they now only wait her brother's presence for their marriage; as soon as it is over they propose going for a few days into Cornwall, to take leave

of her relations, and as they will embark for India immediately after their return, I shall embrace the opportunity of transmitting by them this voluminous packet for your amusement, for which purpose I shall still occasionally resume my pen, during your farther continuance in the East.

Captain Arden is returned; he came over with the transports which are still bringing the sick and wounded into Portsmouth, and, anxious to see his sister, set out immediately for London, where Mr. Delme awaited his arrival to conduct him to us at Richmond. He too has suffered very severely, but appears highly gratified with the revolution in his sister's prospects. As his concurrence alone was wanting to the liberal settlements already arranged by Mr. Delme, the necessary forms were soon complied with; and yesterday the marriage of Marianne was privately solemnized in Richmond Church. As

soon as it was over the new married pair set off for Merazion ; and, after passing a quiet day at Richmond, we brought Captain Arden to town with us, and he is at present our guest in Cavendish Square.

CHAPTER L.

MONTAGUE is still extremely unwell; a painful rheumatic affection, the effect of unhealthy damps and long continued fatigue, still enervates him, and renders his weak frame scarcely able to sustain itself. I have been this morning almost upon my knees imploring him to resign his military appointments, and devote himself in future to the duties of private life; and notwithstanding his indignant rejection of my prayer, I still hope that time and my entreaties will finally prevail. Then,

“ Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump !
The spirit-stirring drum, ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, farewell !”

If, as an elegant author of the present

day expresses it, he is a soldier till he becomes a citizen, what more can his country demand of him?

He has bled repeatedly in its defence, and from no dangers however hazardous has Montague ever shrunk; he has devoted the earliest years of his life and health to its active service, and he will still preside in its councils, and still discharge the duties of his senatorial capacity; but the duties of his rank, and the bright example which he owes to society demand from him this sacrifice, independent of consideration for his own personal comfort. Arrived at the highest pitch of military glory, Montague will however quit the army with regret, for the soldiers love him with enthusiasm; and, as it was said of our heroic Black Prince, "have always fought under his banner with an assurance of victory, which no disparity could lessen, and no accidents disappoint!"

Montague is now the last heir of his

illustrious house, of all the long line which has preceded him, he only remains to transmit to posterity the brilliant name which he inherits. Oh! may the Montague to whom I shall shortly give birth be a son! May he live to emulate the virtues of his noble father! May he also add honour to the honour of his ancestors!

CHAPTER LI.

LORD Montague is this day presented at Court upon his return from Spain. Of all those who have survived the melancholy retreat from Corunna, he is almost the only one who is yet sufficiently recovered to pay his duty to his Sovereign. He is at this moment standing before me, busily bracing on his sword-belt; and as I behold his fine form, almost bending from weakness under the weight of his splendid uniform, a sigh of regret steals from my bosom at the striking change which a few months has occasioned in his appearance, and I feel more than ever convinced of the necessity of his resignation. Yet can I ever be grateful enough that my "*Hero*," as Lord Carloraine sarcastically but *truly* denominated him, is yet spared to me?

When I contemplate the agonizing, the heart-rending afflictions which the widowed wives and mourning mothers of numbers of his brave companions in arms are fated to undergo, I feel the superior felicity of *my* lot, and prostrate on the ground thankfully adore that Providence which, amidst the slaughter of embattled thousands, the surrounding horrors of carnage and conflagration, preserved him from the perils of this disastrous campaign !

“ Peace to the souls of the heroes !” Ossian sung,
As high o’er Morven’s plains his harp he strung.
“ Peace to the souls of the heroes !” Britain sigh’d,
As on Corunna’s heights *her* heroes died !
Where war and rapine stalk’d in horrid form,
And wildly shriek’d “ the spirit of the storm ;”
Wreak’d on her patriot sons their vengeful ire,
And bellowing thunders wrapt its walls in fire !
Ye gallant trio !* clasp’d in fateful band,
Where sleeps the genius of thy native land ?
Shall Caledonia’s harp still rest unstrung ?
Shall Scotia’s bravest warriors fall unsung ?

* Generals Moore, Anstruther, and Mackenzie, buried in one grave under the citadel of Corunna, Jan. 16, 1809.

Spirit of Ossian! strike thy sounding lyre,
Spirit of Wallace! thou the bard inspire :
Strong o'er his soul the "light of song" shall beam,
And deeds of glory animate his theme ;
Loud from thy native rocks the strain shall rise,
And bear, through Heaven's blue arch, a nation's sighs ;
Bright shall thy banners wave ! thy laurels bloom,
Unfading laurels ! o'er thy hallow'd tomb ;
And distant ages venerate the shore,
Where blaz'd thy funeral pile—heroic Moore !

THE END.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS.

VOL. I.

Page	Line	
66	23	for <i>them</i> read <i>it</i>
83	14	for <i>the</i> read <i>thy</i>
91	7	for <i>delightfully</i> read <i>delightedly</i> .
108	18	for <i>my</i> read <i>her</i>
133	7	for <i>that</i> read <i>which</i>
154	4	after <i>when</i> , insert <i>a</i>
170	22	after <i>in</i> , insert <i>a</i>
171	3	for <i>his</i> read <i>the</i>
174	3	for <i>natural</i> , read <i>national</i>
175	10	for <i>not however</i> read <i>nevertheless not</i>
193	21	for <i>break</i> read <i>wreak</i>
226	17	omit <i>sort of</i>
235	13	for <i>insult</i> read <i>insults</i>
241	4	for <i>way</i> read <i>weigh</i>
242	1	for <i>and</i> read <i>for</i>
250	1	after <i>all</i> , insert <i>expression of</i>
250	3	for <i>ready</i> read <i>readily</i>
260	17	for <i>in</i> read <i>on</i>
261	8	for <i>expressly</i> read <i>expressively</i> .

VOL. II.

12	2	for <i>had</i> read <i>has</i>
28	12	for <i>son</i> read <i>sons</i>
35	19	for <i>other</i> read <i>others</i>
97	6	for <i>capped</i> read <i>cap't</i>
250	23	for <i>Lancasterian</i> read <i>Lancastrian</i>
266	20	for <i>of</i> read <i>at</i> .

VOL. III.

Page	Line	
48	19	for <i>matron's</i> read <i>matron</i>
104	16	for <i>this</i> read <i>his</i>
122	20	for <i>way</i> read <i>weigh</i> .



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